

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## A NATION'S MONEY TURNS TO RUBBISH

See  
Page  
Two

### HOUSE OF THIRTY CENTURIES

#### THE DISCOVERER TALKS ABOUT IT

#### Sir Arthur Evans and His Wonderful Work in Crete

#### WHAT HE HAS FOUND

By Our Art Correspondent

Sir Arthur Evans has been talking to the British Association about his new discoveries in Crete—the place at which the civilisation of the old world first touched Europe.

There is another wonderful piece of news from Crete. Sir Arthur Evans has found something else of interest to give to the world.

It is not very long since the readers of the C.N. were filled with amazement and delight to hear that this great archaeologist had been finding out secrets of the palace of King Minos, who was a ruler over the Aegean Isles some two thousand years before Christ lived.

#### Palace of King Minos

King Minos built his palace at Knossos, the ancient chief town of Crete, near the modern Candia. His work, his people, and their beautiful art had passed away and become a shining memory, a tale told, when Homer wrote his immortal poems about 850 years before Jesus was born; and, until men like Sir Arthur Evans began excavating in Greece and Asia Minor, we thought Minos and his doings were nothing but a legend.

Now we know that the legend has become history, and we are learning year by year more of the forgotten Aegean civilisation.

Their buildings have obviously been plundered long ago of much portable treasure; but the archaeologist, seeking from the broken walls what evidence could be gained of period and culture, has alighted on one of the most remarkable specimens of Minoan art—Aegean art round about the time of Minos—that have so far been discovered.

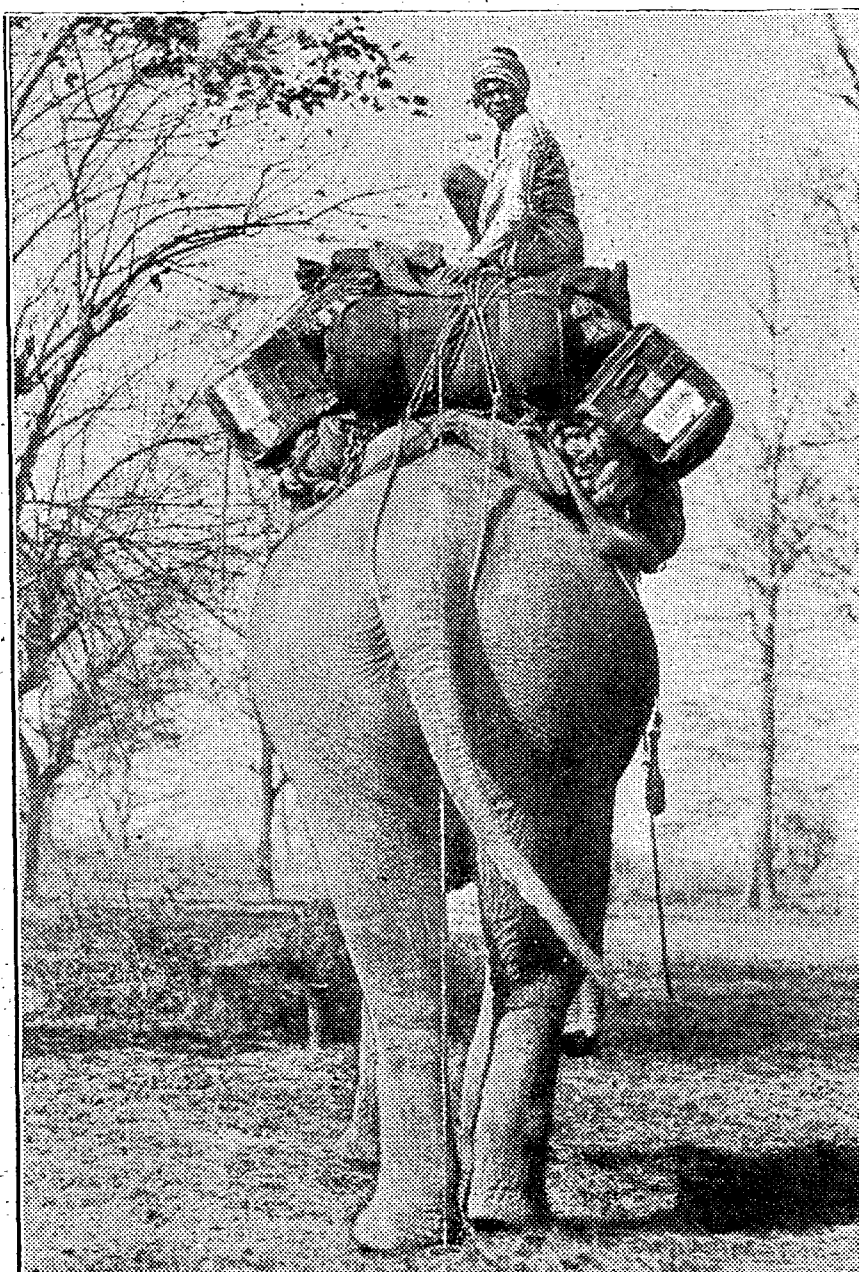
#### Work of a Mysterious Race

The walls of the House of the Frescoes, which was just the home of an ordinary well-to-do citizen, were covered with paintings in fresco—a method of painting the lime on a wall while it is still wet, so that the pigment and lime dry together and the picture becomes part of the wall.

The lime had been torn away in masses by some barbaric plunderer, and the frescoes lay in a heap of ruin, but the genius of Sir Arthur Evans has saved it for the world. Five of Sir Arthur's workmen were busy for a month, collecting, with infinite care, these fragments of the art of a mysterious race.

The art of the Aegean people, of which this work is a most brilliant example, was a separate and individual art. It bore very little traces of the neighbouring Egyptian and Babylonian art that was so massive, cold, and rigid. The in-

### Moving Up Country in India



In the more inaccessible parts of India the elephant is a very useful beast of burden, and often takes the place of a motor-car or baggage wagon, as can be seen in this picture, in which he is shown carrying a full load of baggage

stinct of the Aegean artists, specially shown in this Minoan example, was to show the freedom and liveliness of natural objects and beings, and to discard, as far as possible, the conventions of the East. This is plainly revealed in the House of the Frescoes, where the artist has seemed to delight in covering his space with flowers and rocks and trees, many of them of gorgeous hue.

There is a fountain in play painted on one of the walls; and on others, here and there, amid tropical-looking plants, monkeys peep out.

Sir Arthur Evans tells us that these monkeys are native to the Sudan, and that the artist has drawn them with a freedom which suggests familiarity. Probably they were sent to Crete by the Pharaohs, a gift from one king to another. There are also fragments of a painted stucco frieze showing a Cretan captain,

armed and curiously clad, and fragments of figures whose colour indicates that the Minoan kings had Negro servants.

When, in due course, we are allowed to see some of these pictures, or reproductions of them, we must remember that a fresco is not an ordinary painting, and we must not expect the fine and neat work of a water-colour picture, for example. By its nature fresco is always treated on broad lines, and these frescoes bear the marks of antiquity and ruin.

In the meantime, could anything be more wonderful than to take up a newspaper while we are having breakfast and learn that a house has been discovered, most beautifully and richly decorated, which was built while Britain was a savage land? So do science and human endeavour make a girdle round the world and bring the long-ago back to the present day.

### FUJIYAMA LOSES ITS HEAD

#### JAPAN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

#### The Heroism of the People in the Earthquake

#### BRAVE SERVANTS

Never has any stupendous event occurred in modern times that has so baffled the news services of the world as that terrible calamity, the Japanese earthquake. Months will probably pass before the full loss in life, injuries, and destruction can be totalled accurately.

That is not strange, for the shock was so sudden and overwhelming that all means of communication were completely disorganised.

Here are some additional items of information that have slowly emerged out of the confusion.

#### Oil Tanks Burst

The top of the sacred mountain of Fujiyama, which the Japanese regarded as the most beautiful sight in the world, a white cone perfectly shaped, has disappeared under the violence of the shock, and the mountain's sides are scored with deep fissures.

The volcanic island of Oshima is said to have disappeared and then once more to have reappeared.

The loss of life in Tokio and Yokohama was largely caused by fire. Oil tanks burst, and floods of oil poured forth, to be lighted by the broken gas mains.

The only places of safety were the open grounds or public parks, and there the heat of the conflagrations around drove tens of thousands of people into the ornamental waters.

The electric tram wires were scattered, and many people were electrocuted.

The water system was thrown out of order and failed, adding greatly to the suffering and to the extension of fires.

#### An Unparalleled Calamity

On the good side was the heroic conduct of many people in rescuing others. The crews of ships in the harbours worked with splendid devotion, and the Japanese fully sustained their reputation for patient bravery by the resolute way in which they grappled with an unparalleled calamity.

Especially everyone was roused to admiration by the loyalty and bravery of Japanese household servants. One nurse stayed in water for a day and a night to escape the fire, and kept a foreign baby safely on her head. Servants lost their mistresses in the confusion, and did not find them for days, but faithfully protected and returned the children in their charge.

In fact, in face of an appalling calamity the spirit of men and women rose to fine heights of endurance and heroism, and the sympathy and help of the world have flowed generously forth to the suffering but undismayed Japanese nation.



## NINETY YEARS OF LOVELY LIFE

### A GREAT LADY

Youngest Child of England's  
Greatest Headmaster

### FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO PASSED HER WAY

There has lately died, in one of the most lovely dales of the most lovely part of England, a lady of many memories.

She was in her ninetieth year, and her life had covered the whole period of modern English literature. She was two years old when Dickens published his first book, and six years old when Thackeray published his.

We date her life by books because she spent it in a bookish circle, and knew many of the most famous writers for more than three-quarters of a century.

#### A Beautiful Home

She claimed to have met, as a girl and a woman, the last five poets-laureate of England—Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, Alfred Tennyson, Alfred Austin, and Robert Bridges, as well as famous American poets like Longfellow and Lowell; and one of her brothers ranks among the choicest poets of the nineteenth century.

This lady was Miss Frances Arnold, the youngest daughter of Dr. Arnold, who made the modern fame of Rugby School as its headmaster; and her home to the last was one of the most memorable houses in England—Fox How, Ambleside, under the sheltering shadow of Loughrigg Fell, between the great lake of Windermere and the little lake of Rydal Water.

There this delightful old lady prolonged by her name the association of the Lake District with English books in their choicest form, the poetry that resounds through centuries.

#### Lives that Live for Ever

The fame of most of the men who are talked of in their day is only like "a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea"; but the choice poet, though his name, too, may fade at last into silence, leaves a far longer memory, and Miss Frances Arnold passed her quiet life in the midst of men who were not for an age but for far reaches of time.

When Dr. Arnold was famous as the great schoolmaster of his age he built Fox How for a permanent family home, where his children might be reared in the midst of impressive natural beauty, and there his daughter Frances spent her ninety years. At the time of her birth Wordsworth was living close by at Rydal Mount, and there he lived 16 years longer, a friend of the Fox How family, who were more than ever the friend of his wife when he had gone. Close by lived Harriet Martineau, and to Fox How she brought Charlotte Brontë, when that little lady was shrinking modestly from the fame she had won.

#### A Famous Family

There came the clever Rugby boys who were making a name for themselves, friends of her brother Matthew, like Arthur Hugh Clough, and Arthur Stanley, later the famous Dean of Westminster, and W. E. Forster, who married her sister Jane and afterwards became the founder of the Council School system of education in England.

Most of the children of Dr. Arnold made some mark as writers, and as they married and their families gathered round the central home, Clough's sister Anne, afterwards the Principal of Newnham College, set up a school in Ambleside and had as one of her pupils little Mary Arnold, who, as Mrs. Humphry Ward, was to become the leading English woman novelist of her day.

The beauty of the district and its literary flavour brought there, also, a group of later writers; and through it all, and right on to our own time, Frances Arnold remained, linking all its literary associations together.

## WHAT WAR DOES FOR A NATION

### GERMANY'S MONEY IS A RUBBISH HEAP

An English Shilling Makes a  
German Millionaire

### RUSSIA AND GERMANY TRYING TO RECOVER

By Our Economic Correspondent

The German money crash has gone from bad to worse. *An English pound is now worth more German money than any German in the Empire possessed before the war.*

Five millions to the £, ten millions to the £, one hundred millions to the £—so the record of a nation's ruin has run until now we have it chronicled that 500 million paper marks can be bought for one English sovereign. Before the war 500 million marks were worth £25,000,000, and what it means is that at that rate an English shilling is now worth a million pounds of German money, or an English pound is now worth a million pounds in Germany. Two million marks for a penny means that the paper mark has become worthless for purposes of exchange.

#### When Paper Money is Bad

The German paper mark has thus joined the Russian paper rouble as rubbish money.

This is the result in both these countries of printing vast quantities of paper money which has no real wealth behind it. Paper money, like a Bank of England note, is perfectly good money when it has value in gold—or goods valued in gold—behind it, and when it can be exchanged into gold, as a Bank of England note can be, and as paper marks were in Germany before the war.

But when paper money is printed in excess of the wealth it should represent it is bad money.

Both Russia and Germany are now seeking a way out of the bad paper money troubles they have made for themselves.

#### The Thaler and the Chervonetz

Russia is introducing a new money in the hope of helping her trade to recover. The new Russian unit is called the Chervonetz. It is backed by one-fourth of its face value in gold and three-fourths by first-class securities. It is hoped to maintain it at a value equivalent to our British pound.

Germany's new Government is introducing a new currency in the shape of a gold note—that is, a paper money backed by gold or securities valued in gold—and it is to be called the Thaler.

This is very interesting, because the modern word dollar is a corruption of the old thaler, the name of a coin issued as long ago as 1519 in what was then Bohemia and is now part of Czecho-Slovakia. The old Spaniards also issued this coin, and we meet thalers in tales as "pieces-of-eight."

It remains to be seen whether these devices will be successful. They can only succeed if a determined effort is made by the Russian and German Governments to obtain a proper backing of wealth for the new money by levying severe taxes.

In the meantime, the prices of German goods expressed in paper marks have become more and more farcical. A newspaper, for example, costs half a million marks! The German poor man is now a paper millionaire every week. A small loaf costs a fortune—in paper.

#### THE NEW RAILWAY SIGNALLING

Referring to the new era of railway signalling with daylight lamps, we spoke of it the other day as being first used between Marylebone and Wembley Hill. A correspondent claims a priority of two years for the Liverpool Overhead Railway, running for ten miles along the line of the docks.

## SPANISH REVOLUTION

### ARMY RULES IN PLACE OF PARLIAMENT

King Gives Way to Save Spain  
from Civil War

### THE MILITARY DICTATOR

By Our Political Correspondent

Spain is ruled by its Army. A Military Dictatorship has taken the place of the Parliament, which has been dismissed.

The revolution by the army, which has swept away the Spanish Government and Parliament, and set up a government of force, cannot well be judged as it might be judged in any other country: Spain is a greatly disturbed and much divided country, whose real wishes cannot readily be discovered.

The King himself, who is the only public personality in the country who can be said to be quite generally supported, cannot be sure how much active support is behind any movement that claims to represent national feeling. What he has done is so to act as to save his people from civil war.

#### Time to Reflect

As Mr. Drinkwater makes General Lee say in his play on Robert E. Lee: "War is the anger of bewildered peoples in face of questions they cannot understand." That is deeply true. King Alfonso, who has given way to the army, when its generals have led it into revolution, though it has overthrown a so-called Liberal Government of his own choice, has at least prevented the spectacle of part of the Spanish Army seeking to suppress by force another part, and has given Spain time to reflect.

The revolution began in Barcelona, where, as the most disturbed part of Spain, the most vigorous Spanish general was in command. He, General Primo de Rivera, suddenly took a lead on his own, demanded the dismissal of the Government as too weak to rule in Spain, and the substitution of what is called a Military Directorate, which will govern with the help of the Civil Service.

#### A New Move in Morocco

The army throughout the rest of Spain could not be trusted to suppress this movement, so King Alfonso gave way to it as the strongest national current of feeling that was showing itself. Accordingly he made General de Rivera President of the Directorate and dissolved Parliament.

The first act of the Directorate is significant. The Spanish High Commissioner for Spanish Morocco is superseded, and the War Minister of the dismissed Government is made Commander-in-Chief in Morocco. Evidently military Spain means to show strength rather than weakness in Morocco.

At home the new Dictator professes himself a democrat in principle, but puts first the need for firm government.

#### TAR TO GO

### A Little Shipping Revolution

Many familiar things are going; tarred rope seems to be one of them. It is likely that before long tar as a preservative for rope will entirely disappear, and that copper will be used in its place.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries has made exhaustive experiments, and declares that impregnating rope with tar does little good in the way of preservation; for marine pests literally eat the tar out of the rope, and then begin devouring the rope itself.

On the other hand, experiments in the use of copper as a preservative have proved entirely satisfactory. A solution of copper with oil is applied to the rope, and not only saves the hemp from wear and tear, but renders it quite immune to the marine pests which prey on the tar.

Further, it bulks far less than the tar, costs less, weighs less, and is cleaner.

## Arthur Mee's Wonderful Day

Arthur Mee's Wonderful Day: a Companion to Little Treasure Island, with a rich gallery of pictures. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

THE Arthur Mee book for 1922 was his Golden Year, in which he took us with him on his travels through the great scenes of the world. This year it is his Wonderful Day, in which he takes us with him on his journey through the hours.

#### Dawn

We wake up with the Dawn and see the marvellous unfolding of the glory of the Earth. We feel the glow of the morning and the solemn beauty of the quiet fields. We feel the beating heart of Matter everywhere. We think of the wonder of Ourselves, we who are sitting there—of the way we came into this world, of the myriad lives that work for ever inside ours, of the brain that rules the house that we inhabit, of the mind that spreads itself about the world, in the plant and animal kingdoms, until it dominates the Earth itself. Solemn and stirring are the splendours of the Dawn.

#### Noon

And then we reach high Noon, the hour of the heat and burden of the day. We come from the country to the town, through the fields to the heart of the world that is never still, with its newspapers ever printing, its aeroplanes ever flying, its wireless never stopping. We come in touch with the very gates of that mysterious invisible world in which the profoundest minds of our age now live, and think of Electricity, of Radium, and of the wonderful X-Rays. And we sit at an editor's desk, seeing the world that pours on to it, the drama of life as it passes by. The mind roams everywhere; it touches all places and lives in all ages.

#### Evening

Now comes still Evening on, and what there is to think about at the end of the day! The things that we have heard and seen, the things we have talked of, the books and pictures that have come our way, the pessimists and the optimists. We sit by the fire and think of lovely things; we remember friends we shall not see again; we sit and dream and dream.

#### Night

And now comes Night—night with its deep mystery, its silences, its stars, its storms. We look up at the Moon, Earth's Only Child, and stand there wondering. What is the good of it all? Where have we come from? What are we doing? Where are we going?

Arthur Mee's Wonderful Day is produced in the handsome way in which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton produce all the Editor's books. It has colour plates and photogravures by the score, and it is the book of books for all whose minds are not yet old and dull, whether they toddle to school day after day or whether the years are setting them wondering about things that are too great for words and far too deep for tears.



## SUCTION IN INDUSTRY

### ADAPTING A VERY OLD IDEA

#### New Methods of Fishing and Cotton-Picking

#### PRINCIPLE OF THE VACUUM CLEANER

For many centuries men have used suction in one form or another, as in the common pump, but it is only in recent times that suction has been developed on a large scale and adapted to all kinds of industries. Two of the most recent developments are worth recording.

For thousands of years fish were caught in practically the same way, without any improvements in the methods being devised. Then came improved nets, and at last the steam trawler, which revolutionised the industry, but at the same time threatened, in places, to deplete the vast stocks hitherto in the sea.

#### Transforming the Boats

Now suction is being used in America, and it looks as though it were going to effect a still more drastic revolution.

The apparatus has been tested under various conditions with great success, and now a large vessel is being fitted out in New York. By the new mechanical fishing device huge quantities of fish can be caught in record time at a minimum of expense, and various fishing syndicates are preparing to transform their vessels.

A tube extends from the bow to the stern of the boat, emptying into a tank. At the bows of the boat is a kind of cage which leads to openings connected with the tube. An eight-inch centrifugal pump, driven by a motor, causes a suction force at the forward end, which draws in 66,000 pounds of fish and water a minute.

#### 9900 Pounds of Fish a Minute

These pass into the tank, where, by means of a device, the water runs off while the fish are retained. When the vessel is travelling through a school of fish, about fifteen per cent. of the in-draw should be fish, which means about 9900 pounds of fish a minute.

Given the necessary conditions, therefore, the catch should be enormous, and the cost is astonishingly small. But we may well ask ourselves whether, with such methods, there will be any fish to catch after a few years.

Another adaptation of suction is in the cotton-fields. There have been many attempts to invent a satisfactory cotton-picking apparatus to take the place of the costly hand-picking that has always been necessary, but none of these has commended itself to the cotton farmers.

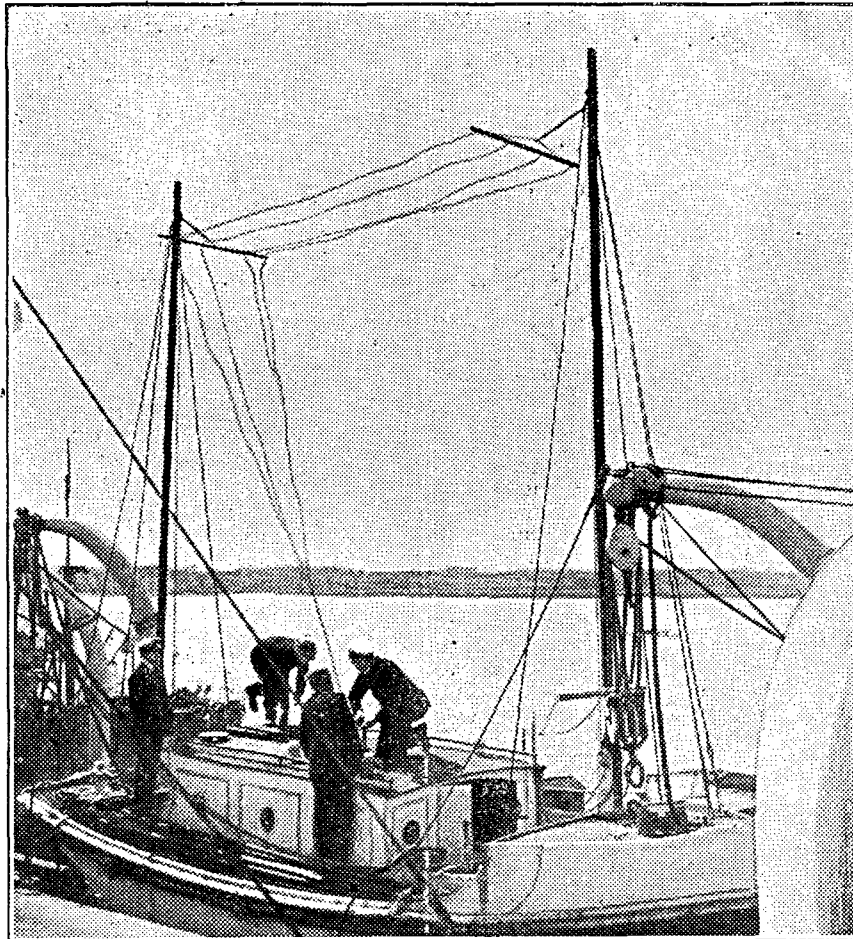
#### Problems of the Future

They have all worked on the principle of imitating the human fingers and plucking the cotton from the boll. Now, however, a machine has been invented which is said to have overcome all the difficulties of previous inventions, and to pick 5000 pounds of cotton in a day with the aid of only five men. This also is likely to effect a revolution, and if the apparatus comes into general use many new problems will open up in connection with the Negro population of the Southern States.

The new cotton-picking machine is on the principle of the vacuum cleaner, and can be worked by any cheap petrol engine. It weighs 700 pounds, and can be moved about by horse or manual labour. It is small enough to pass between the rows of cotton plants, and in a single trip across the field eight or ten rows can be picked.

The cotton is gathered through a hose 25 feet long, and the operators, one to each nozzle, simply have to point these at the individual blooms, when the cotton is drawn away through the hose into a receptacle in the machine.

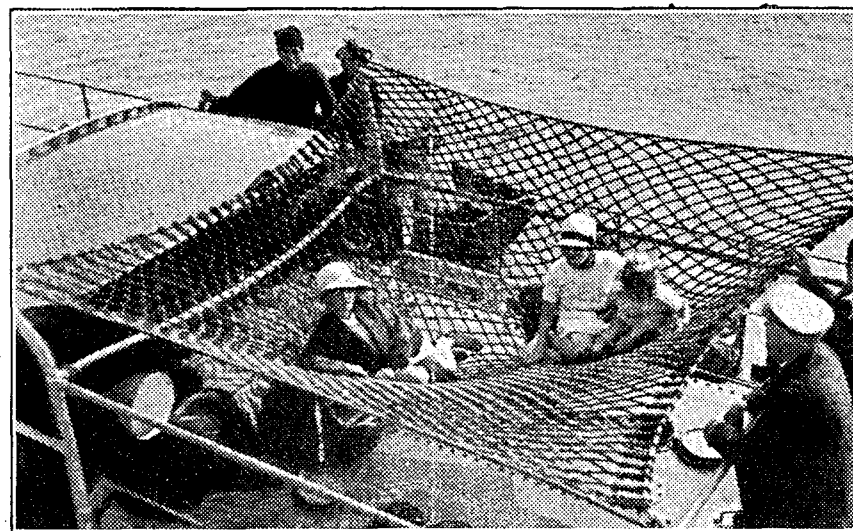
## THE WIRELESS LIFEBOAT



The wireless aerial on one of the Aquitania's lifeboats



The deck of the up-to-date lifeboat



The life-saving net into which shipwrecked persons can jump

The latest and most up-to-date lifeboat is the William and Kate Johnston, of New Brighton, shown in these pictures. It cost £20,000, and is fitted with wireless, a searchlight, and a life-saving net, besides having a cabin. The latest lifeboats for Atlantic liners are also fitted with wireless and have cabins

## WHEN THE ROMANS LEFT BRITAIN

### Here Longer than We Thought

#### A NOTABLE DATE IN HISTORY

Everyone who has studied history knows that a considerable sprinkling of dates confidently repeated in the history books may be wrong. New facts are found that make students doubt old statements.

A striking instance of revision of a date once accepted by everybody has lately come from Professor Bury, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

The year 410 has been commonly given as the time when the army of the Roman Empire withdrew from Britain, and it has not occurred to the ordinary reader of history to doubt it. But Professor Bury has been making a fresh and careful examination of the records of Roman officials of the Empire, kept by its Grand Secretary, and he has come to the conclusion that, instead of the Roman armies leaving Britain in 410, they were here at any rate as late as 428, and perhaps 14 years later still.

#### Getting at the Facts

There was, no doubt, a considerable removal of Roman troops from Britain early in the fifth century, and a weakening of its defences, followed by appeals for support against outside enemies; but Professor Bury argues that the Romans strengthened their forces in the island later, and that even as late as the year 428 several regiments were being raised for service in Britain.

It is an encouraging feature of the search for sound knowledge that in these days every statement recorded as a fact in history is being tested with an open mind, and more exact information is available than was known to earlier generations.

One of the facts that is emerging is that the Roman occupation of Britain for four centuries was more important than has been generally believed, and now it seems as if even its length in time has been underrated.

## CHARRED PAPERS

### Photography to the Rescue

Important and valuable documents often get burned in fires, and even when they are not totally destroyed, owing to their being shut up in metal boxes, they may become so charred and blackened by the heat that it is impossible to decipher them.

Mr. Raymond Davis, of the American Bureau of Standards, has discovered a way of reading even the most charred document. The charred sheet is placed in contact with a fast or medium photographic plate in the dark, and left there for a week or two, when the plate is developed in the ordinary way. The writing on the document then appears quite clearly on the plate, an emanation from the charred material apparently affecting the plate, except where the ink acts as a protective coating.

For some reason not yet explained, films are less sensitive than plates to this kind of photograph, unless the films are previously washed and dried.

The discovery is of great importance.

## MAPPING AMERICA

### Photographing from Three Miles Up

The United States Government has developed a wonderful camera for mapping purposes.

At a height of 16,000 feet it photographs an area of ten square miles, and, as it automatically takes a series of successive exposures, a huge area can be mapped in an hour or so. The views, even at that tremendous height, are remarkably clear.



## A MAN TALKS TO A COUNTRY

### GREAT EVENT IN THE WIRELESS AGE

Invisible Electrons Carry a Speech to an Invisible Audience

### A BRITISH ASSOCIATION WONDER

A remarkable chapter has been written in the history of the Wireless Age.

A man has stood in a hall in Liverpool and addressed a vast audience throughout the country. He must have been heard north, south, east, and west, by a hundred thousand, or half a million, or perhaps a million people.

There were two things in this event that were exactly as they should be. One was the fact that the speaker was the President of the British Association, giving his presidential address at the opening meeting at Liverpool. It was quite right that the first public speech delivered to the whole country should be associated with this famous scientific body, for it is science that has wrought this revolution.

### A Master Mind

And it was supremely fitting that the speaker should be Sir Ernest Rutherford, talking on the subject of atoms and electrons. No man has contributed more to our knowledge of this subject than Professor Rutherford since he left Australia as one of her brilliant sons. He began his career under the Southern sky; he has spent part of it in the Canadian Dominion; he has lived for years in our northern capital of Manchester; and he is now the master mind in the very temple of British science, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge.

He spends his life in studying those electrons which have made the Wireless Age a possibility, and he was speaking on electrons when the electrons winged his words through space.

### Whirling About in Space

There has been no more dramatic example of the evolution of the knowledge that is power than this speech of the great student of invisible electrons to a vast invisible audience.

Little indeed do we know of electrons as yet, but they carried this speech through thousands of miles of space. So small that hundreds of millions of them could lie on a penny, they whirl about for ever in the space inside an atom—for even the atom has great space for the electron to move in.

And the electron has power inconceivable if only we could use it. It is not quite true, as some papers have stated, that Professor Rutherford "exploded the theory of the atom as a source of energy." All that he said was that at present we do not know how to release atomic energy, and he is doubtful if we ever shall.

### Always Something Beyond

It was the same with wireless. When Professor Clerk Maxwell first declared that electric waves exist in space the suggestion was pooh-poohed, and wireless telegraphy was kept back for a generation. When at last the waves were found their discoverer could not think of any use for them, and still the gates of the wireless realm remained unopened. It is always thus, and in the end man always wins.

As to the nature of atoms, Sir Ernest Rutherford thinks they are built up of two electrical units—the electron and the hydrogen nucleus, which is called a proton. The electron and the proton, he thinks, may be "the fundamental and indivisible units which build up our universe;" but the wise Professor keeps his mind wide open for some other vision that may dawn some other day, when we may find that even these units of the universe can be split up more and more. In science there is always something beyond.

## IRELAND'S BRIGHTEST DAY

### A MEMORY OF LONG AGO

Free State Takes Its Place Among the Nations

### LOOKING FORWARD

In Italy, at Bobbio, midway between Genoa and Milan in the Apennines, a celebration has been held which recalls Ireland's brightest day. The thirteenth century of Columban (not Columba), an Irish saint who did much to revive and purify Christianity on the Continent, has been gorgeously commemorated.

At the time when barbarism was over-running Europe Ireland was free in her isolation, and extended her influence over several lands as a shelterer and extender of Christianity. Thus Columba carried the Gospel to Western Scotland and afresh to Northern England, and shortly afterwards another Irishman, Columban, with twelve companions, acted as missionaries in Gaul. Excluded thence by Theoderic the Goth they passed on to Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and finally founded a religious house at Bobbio, which had very wide influence throughout Northern Italy.

Thirteen centuries later the work of this great Irishman has been recognised afresh in the presence of the Archbishop of Dublin, and President Cosgrave, of the Irish Free State, a Papal Legate re-founding, on behalf of the Pope, the ancient Abbey of Bobbio.

It is well that Ireland should be reminded of the day when she took the lead in Christianity.

### Ireland Wants Peace

That bright day of Ireland is long back in the past, but Ireland has of late had another bright day—at Geneva, where the Free State was accepted as a member of the League of Nations.

President Cosgrave ascended the tribune amid much cheering, and thanked the members on behalf of "one of the oldest yet one of the youngest of nations." After a long journey through many tribulations, he said, Ireland had come to peace.

"It is Ireland's earnest desire (the President went on) to cooperate in mitigating, and wherever possible averting, the ancient evils of warfare and oppression, and to encourage wholesome relations between nations, enabling even the weakest to live their own lives and make their own proper contribution to the good of all, free even from the shadow and fear of violence.

"Our history and the instinct of our hearts forbid us to think that temporary or even recurrent failures can deprive a just and steadfast purpose of the assurance of success."

## PLANTS GIVING OUT HEAT

### Midnight Flower in Italy

A French scientist has recently drawn attention to the fact that many plants give out heat during respiration and feeding.

The temperature even of the same plant will vary if measured at different parts. Certain parts of some have been found to be ten degrees Centigrade hotter than the surrounding air, and a certain amount of warmth is found even in the heads of mushrooms and toadstools.

A well-known flower of Italy, which only opens at night, attains its maximum warmth at midnight, and cools down by sunrise. Many of the temperatures met with in plants are very trifling, and a delicate type of thermometer has been used which will record a difference of a 3000th of a degree.

## TABLES BETTER THAN TRENCHES

### HOW THE WORLD'S COURT OF JUSTICE DOES IT

Germany and Poland Settling a Little Difference

### GREAT NATIONS, PLEASE NOTE

By Our Correspondent at the Court

In the bright little Dutch capital of The Hague there is sitting a Court of Justice which is unlike any other in the world.

Instead of only one judge on the bench, or three as in our Court of Appeal, there are often fourteen, representing as many different nationalities. Great Britain and the United States, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, even Cuba and Japan, have sent eminent lawyers to this tribunal.

The Permanent Court of International Justice, as it is called, has its home in the great Peace Palace which was built at The Hague out of the wealth of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The room of the palace in which the Court holds its public sessions is a magnificent chamber with stained glass windows. Through one low window of plain glass we see a beautiful lawn, bordered with flowers, and beyond it the avenues of linden trees for which The Hague is famous.

### A Good Thing from the War

This Court was set up two years ago by the Treaty of Versailles, under Article 14 of the Covenant which established the League of Nations. It supersedes the Hague Court of Arbitration, and has wider powers. When any dispute depending on an interpretation of international law arises between two countries it is referred by the Council of the League to this Court at The Hague. The Court hears the pleadings of both sides and pronounces its judgment, which is binding on any of the 52 States now belonging to the League.

The case in dispute at this September sitting is a little matter between Germany and Poland. Germany says that people of German birth who live in Polish territory are not given rights which are theirs by international law.

### The Long Table with the Green Cloth

At one table sits a famous German lawyer, Herr Schiffer, with three or four assistants to prompt him. At another table is a famous Polish lawyer.

Everybody in the chamber rises as the usher opens the door of the robing room and cries *La Cour*. The fourteen judges enter in single file, each robed in a black gown with lace ruffles, but without a wig. They sit at a long table with a green cloth.

The German advocate comes forward. He has obtained permission to speak in German, for the official languages are French and English. He speaks for half an hour, and then interpreters translate him into French and English. After this the German advocate resumes his argument, and again it is twice interpreted. So it goes on all day.

On the following day the Polish advocate takes his place at the pleader's desk and, speaking in French, deals with the German arguments. The fourteen judges listen quietly, and then the President, Justice Loder of Holland, announces that the Court will declare judgment later. He smites the table with his hammer, and the Court adjourns.

### The Linden Trees Nod Their Heads

It is all so dull that the public, for whom handsome chairs are provided, scarcely looks in. Yet here we have, sitting at one table, some of the greatest lawyers in the world. Together they are trying to create a body of international law and precedent. They are here to decide, not what is to happen to an individual, but to a country.

Who says the world is not making progress? This question between Ger-

## THE GREAT CHANGE

### HOW IT CAME TO TOKIO

The Remarkable Thing a Woman Saw in the Street

### WHAT FIRE AND ICE CAN DO

We shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. *St. Paul*

Of all the strange and terrible pictures painted for us of the Japanese earthquake and its consequences none is more stirring to the imagination than that sent home by a lady who saw it, Miss Coutts, of Tokio.

She saw a tramcar at rest on its track, and found that *all its passengers sat as in life, but dead*.

There they sat, she says, all in natural attitudes. One woman's hand was extended, and in the fingers was a coin, as if she had been on the point of paying her fare when the shock came. Some were smiling, some were staring straight ahead. All had died instantly. When the lady asked a Japanese how it had happened the man pointed to the trolley wire, suggesting electrocution.

Death had come to them in the twinkling of an eye. It recalls St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, predicting the Day of Judgment: "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."

### When Pompeii was Buried

More than once Death has preserved for us the actual scenes of Life. Vesuvius, when it buried Pompeii and Herculaneum, preserved for us the images of its victims and their goods. There may be seen today in Pompeii the image of an athlete who perished falling from a tree into which he had climbed for safety, the branch that broke and cast him down still in his hand.

There is the image of the dead sentinel at a door; there are the images of Obellius Firmus, a wealthy citizen of Pompeii, preserved where he fell, with his wife and his two children, who crept for comfort into each other's arms as death claimed them.

For a more exact parallel to this Tokio scene, however, the memory turns to an incident in the war, where a company of French soldiers were found after a discharge of German gas erect and rigid, with fixed bayonets, facing the foe. Their grave became their monument, for they were encased in concrete, with their rifles slanting out of the tomb.

### The Silent Men of the North

Not only fire, but ice, preserves for us such touching sights. Scott and his comrades were found in their tent of death, perfect. They have moved on in their silent tabernacle, for the ice-sheet of Antarctica travels like a glacier, and they and the tent and the sleeping-bags have vanished with the ice.

And who forgets that Arctic story of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his crew of 30 men, who sailed for the White North in 1553? They were frozen in in Arctic waters off the Lapland coast.

Three years later their ship was found in the ice. There they were, leader and men, all dead; the men about the decks and in their bunks; Sir Hugh sitting in his cabin with his diary open before him, the last entry telling how "strange beastes, to us unknown and wonderful," were come about the ship.

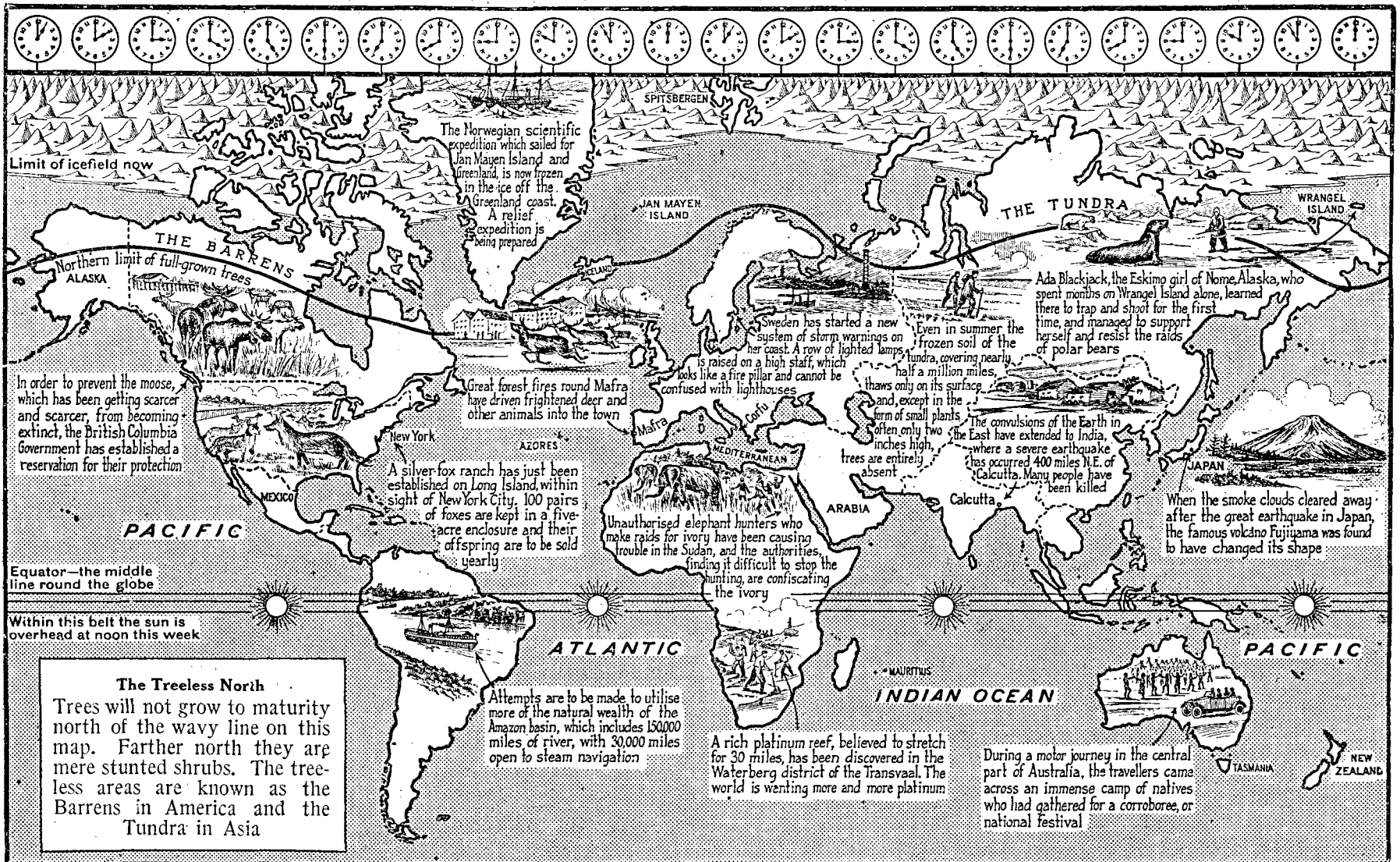
The Ice King had triumphed, and had fashioned his victims into statues.

Continued from the previous column

many and Poland might have cost a war not many years ago, but it will be settled round a table and not in the trenches. And through the low window the green lawn smiles, while beyond the finely-wrought gates of the Palace of Peace the linden trees are nodding their sage old heads.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## 2000 MILES TO SEE A GAME

## A Tasmanian Boy's Great Journey

Jack Storr, one of our Tasmanian boy readers in Hobart, sends us an excellently written and vivid description of how he travelled 2000 miles with a football team, of which his father was manager, to see Tasmania play in matches between Australian States.

They travelled from Hobart, in the south of Tasmania, by rail to Launceston, in the north; then 17 hours by sea to Melbourne, and by train from Melbourne to Adelaide, which they reached on the fourth day. At the end of the week the Tasmanian team played South Australia and won by three goals to none. Returning to Melbourne, they there played with Victoria a draw of one goal each.

Jack Storr gives us a most intelligent description of the country he passed through, the cities he saw, and the play of the State teams he witnessed. On the long night journey by train between Melbourne and Adelaide a bed was made for him on the luggage rack of the compartment, and he slept soundly.

The players for Tasmania making up the party were all from Great Britain—from London, three; Birmingham, Manchester, and Reading, two each; and Edinburgh, Bolton, Burnley, and Derbies, one each; with the manager from Leominster.

## THE CAR THIEF

## The Tell-Tale Light

Some very ingenious devices have been invented for foiling car thieves in the United States.

One is a silent warning to the police that the car has been stolen. As soon as the car is put in motion red lights automatically flash across the licence plates unless the circuit has been broken by a key carried by the owner. A thief who might think he had got away would probably be stopped by a policeman.

WALKING OVER FIRE  
The Priest and the Red-hot Stones

A sample of magic lately investigated by a scientific institution is a significant instance of how simpletons may be impressed by appearances.

The purpose of the magical act is to ensure good crops. The rite consists of walking barefoot over a bed of stones heated red by a fire beneath.

A shallow pit is dug, and wood is placed at the bottom and overlaid with several rows of round stones. Then the wood is lighted, and it burns till the stones glow. The priest chants a prayer for protection, and afterwards walks with his naked feet over the stones, impressing the natives.

One explanation is that the soles of the feet of natives are much tougher than those of Europeans, but that is not all. The stones used are basalt, which is of volcanic origin, and is remarkable for being extremely porous and a non-conductor of heat. Such a stone can be red hot at one end while at the other it is comparatively cool, and the priest knows exactly where to put his feet.

FLAGSHIP OF COLUMBUS  
Sea Scouts in the Santa Maria

When the great Chicago Exposition was held about thirty years ago one of the most striking exhibits was a full-sized reproduction of the Santa Maria, the flagship of Christopher Columbus.

This interesting replica has laid idle ever since, but now it is to be put to a splendid use. A body of Sea Scouts have acquired the caravel and will use it as their flagship.

On its decks and masts they will learn the principles of navigation, and its rigging and fabric will be kept in thorough repair for this purpose.

Thus almost the newest product of the white man's brain in America and a replica of the oldest product of his brain in the New World will meet in mutual usefulness.

THE NEW WORKER  
Not So Much of a Goose

Geese are taking the place of Negroes in the cottonfields of the Southern States of America.

The high wages in the Northern States have attracted thousands of Negroes away from the cotton plantations, with the result that the growers have been unable to get their fields weeded. The problem has now been solved in a curious way.

Two cotton-growers experimented with geese, and found that they freed the ground of all undesirable vegetation in a very efficient way without harming the cotton. They therefore extended their experiment, and the results were so satisfactory that now geese are being used for weeding on many of the Southern cotton plantations.

One goose can clear an acre of land almost as well as a Negro can do it.

STRANGE EXPLOSION  
How a Road Blew Up

A motor-car has been wrecked and its driver injured in a very strange accident in the Western States.

A day of intense heat caused unequal expansion in the top and bottom material of which the road was made, and the bottom material finally buckled upward with tremendous force as the motorist was passing over the spot.

Huge pieces of concrete, with which the roadway was topped, were hurled into the air, and the car was flung several feet into the ditch.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Aegean	E-je-an
Chervonetz	Cher-vo-netz
Knossos	Nos-soss
Minos	Mi-noss
Santa Maria	San-tah Mah-re-ah
Thaler	Tah-ler

## THE SULTAN SEES FOR HIMSELF

A Story of the X-Rays  
HOW PEACE WAS PRESERVED

An interesting story has just been told concerning events which happened years ago, when the Philippine Islands first belonged to the United States.

All went well for a time, and the Sultan of Sulu, who remained at the head of his people, kept them contented subjects of America, until an American officer in control described to the Sultan some of the wonderful inventions of the Americans.

The ruler listened and marvelled. Finally, the officer told him of the X-rays, with which the bones of a living person could be seen through the flesh. This, however, the Philippine monarch flatly disbelieved, and his confidence in the officer became so shaken, that from that moment his attitude towards America changed completely, and he told his people that the Americans were unworthy of trust.

The inhabitants became unruly, and the Sultan demanded a bigger allowance from the United States as payment for keeping them in order. He was summoned to come to Manila for investigation to be made into his claim, and here an officer in charge of a hospital was told of the Sultan's disbelief in the X-rays, so it was arranged that he should see for himself.

The next day the Sultan, in his royal robes and attended by his suite, was led into the dark laboratory, and on seeing the bones of his hand he nearly died of terror. Each member of his retinue went through the same experience, while their chief marvelled at this wonder.

So impressed was he that immediately afterwards he repeated his pledge of allegiance to the United States, and all trouble among the people ended.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 29 1923

## Optimists Still

We found an old friend of ours the other day nipping across the street to catch his train. He is 88, and he said: "I think you are not such an optimist as you were."

It sets us thinking. Are we? And then we picked up something Luther Burbank wrote a week or two ago. *He believes we shall make sugar direct from sunlight.*

Now let us go back a thousand million years. If man had been at the beginning of the world he would have thought the ways of God beyond all understanding. He would have thought volcanoes stupid things, and deserts an appalling waste. But sugar made direct from sunlight means that deserts will be the best places to make it in, and *deserts will be great centres of life.*

The useless things of today are the blessings of tomorrow, and no man can say what will happen. The reptile which was once the king of Earth would have seemed a useless and horrible thing then, but the reptile kept rivers sweet before man came with his laws of health and his sanitary systems. For millions of years light and warmth were pouring down upon the Earth, and men would have thought it wasted, but Nature, which knew that man was coming, saved it up for him as coal.

All through these years God was preparing for mankind, and the power that made the Earth for man has not deserted him from then till now. There are a thousand witnesses.

Think of the microbes; they could have made the Earth unfit for man if they had not been checked. Who held this power in leash through all the ages?

Think of the electricity with which the Earth is highly charged; it is said to be charged with electrons to a potential of a billion volts, with thousands of millions of free electrons in every square inch. Who restrains and controls this appalling force?

It is the working in human life of powers outside the human race. The powers that work for us outside us are endless. The powers by which man conquers, the powers by which he may be overcome, are beyond our understanding. Is it easier to believe they come from nothing, out of nowhere, than that they come from God?

God will not fling His thunderbolts about, or let loose His floods upon the Earth, or send His storms and lightnings with messages to man; but He will use the weapons He has made to suit His purposes. He has given us the power to save the world, and as His partners we shall save it. What can be impossible in a world where a discovery any morning may crowd the desert with people and food, and make it blossom as the rose?

And so, young friend of eighty-eight, we are optimists still. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Artist's Consolation

SIR DAVID MURRAY, whose lovely landscape pictures will be on our walls when the relics of the War Office are in our museums, writes protesting against the ruin of Lutworth.

Could not the War Office, he asks, choose for their tank school one of the very numerous tracts of utterly uninteresting country on our coast?

If the war men are to have their way there will soon be no countryside for our artists to paint; no beautiful England, indeed, for our artists to love and dream about.

Perhaps, in that day, the War Office will console Sir David Murray by inviting him to paint its tanks.

## The Good Workman and His Tools

THE bad workman blames his tools; but the good workman loves his.

The magistrates had just tried a case in which there was a dispute as to the ownership of a shipwright's tools. It was ended by the shipwright offering to identify his property by the sense of touch. A number of tools were submitted to the workman, who was blindfolded. He felt them over, picked out his tools, and won his case.

There is no doubt the good workman is fond of his tools and takes the utmost care of them, and we should expect to find that the shipwright in this case was a good worker. Good work, indeed, cannot be done without good tools, and those who would shine in any sort of work will certainly fail unless they see that all its instruments are perfect. The old painters lovingly prepared their own brushes, panels, and colours; and they painted as if they meant their pictures to live. That is why they do live.

## Washing Day

Is not greatness really what Olive Schreiner called it—"to take the common things of life and walk among them truly"?

A good reader of the C.N. sends us this episode from a book by another good reader of the C.N. in Canada—Mrs. Nellie McClung, whose story of "The Beauty of Martha" is being widely read in Canada, and England too. In it we read of a small girl who had to write an essay on True Greatness, and this is the wisdom from the mouth of the babe:

One time there was a woman who had done a big washing and hung it on the line.

The line broke and let it all down in the mud, but she didn't say a word, only did it over again; and this time she spread it on the grass, where it couldn't fall.

But that night a dog with dirty feet ran over it. When she saw what was done, she sat down and didn't cry a bit. All she said was: "Ain't it queer that dog didn't miss nothing?"

That was, true greatness, but it's only people who have done washing who know it.

We love to think the world is full of splendid washwomen who never say a word, but *do it again.*

## The Four Men

WE are asked to print these lines once more, and we gladly do so. We cannot too often send such wisdom round the world.

He who does not know, and does not know he does not know, is a fool: *Avoid him.*

He who does not know, and knows he does not know, is a simpleton: *Teach him.*

He who knows, and does not know he knows, is a sleeper: *Wake him.*

He who knows, and knows he knows, is a wise man: *Follow him.*

## Tip-Cat

THE population of France is said to be evenly spread out. So will ours, be if the drunken motorist has his way.

AN employer of labour says he would object to longer hours. Sixty minutes is quite long enough for him.

HOUSEHOLD duties are lighter in summer. At all events, day-lighter.

THERE is something to be said for the Sun, remarks Mr. Chesterton. It is little compliments like this that make the sunbeam.

THE Germans are the most critical people in the world, and in the most critical position.

DIVERS sing at their work. Only, of course, in an undertone.

OYSTERS are five years old, we are told, when they appear at table. Too young, really, to be allowed in before the dessert.

It is reported that watercress was never better than it is at present. So it can't be true that it has taken to its bed.

PARIS will always hold her own. That is all right, but we wish she would not insist on holding ours, too.

WE notice a captain of a fire brigade, in full equipment on the engine, posing for his photograph on his way to a fire. We hope he reached the fire in time.

## The Mad Ones

NINETY thousand people have paid two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to see two human mammals knock each other about for two hundred and fifty seconds.

Answer to Correspondent: No; the world is not all mad; only part of it—at least ninety thousand, we should say.

## The Life Worth While

If you have made a weary soul the brighter,

If you have eased another's toil or pain,

If you have made a comrade's burden lighter,

You have not lived in vain.

## The Way That Some Men Go

By Harold Begbie

WHEN Drake went off in the Golden Hind

To round the stormy seas,  
Be sure that men of another mind  
Laughed snugly in their ease;  
And, "Oh, what a fool is Franky Drake,"

Each good man told his wife,  
"To leave a home that no winds  
can shake,  
And scorn a peaceful life!"

To scorn a peaceful life and take  
Great risks for mere adventure's sake."

THE good wives heard what  
their good men said,  
And sighed for vanished youth,  
They scoured the dish and they  
baked the bread,

And told themselves this truth:  
That some will live on a broken  
crust

And call it wondrous sweet  
So long as their souls are free to  
thrust

Where sky and ocean meet:  
Where sky and ocean meet, and  
man  
The unknown shores of God may  
scan.

## Little Mother

By La Petite Européenne

TWO goldfinches had built their nests in a lime tree in the central mountain land of France. We watched the little ones hopping about the trees, happy to be alive and free.

But one fell down into the alley. Perhaps he had been there an hour or two, carefully fed by the faithful mother, when a cat leaped down to the place where the fledgeling lay.

The little bird knew nothing of its peril, never having seen a cat before. But the mother bird was wise; she was wise to craftiness and cunning, and a remarkable sight awaited us.

She saw her little one on the point of being devoured, and with an amazing presence of mind, she flew a little space away and became apparently a prey to violent convulsions. She rolled on the grass and uttered queer cries, and the cat, extremely interested, hurried toward her.

## A Wonderful Thing

But as the cat advanced toward her, the mother bird found strength enough to fly a few yards farther, and there she suffered new convulsions, and uttered her strange cries. Perhaps ten times this extraordinary performance was repeated, till the cat at last was lured to the other end of the garden, eighty yards away.

Truly a wonderful thing, the most wonderful part of it all was this—that the mother bird never once strayed from alleys or open ground, but, while she lured the enemy on, kept in sight of her little one all the time till, Pussy being safely out of reach, she could return to where her fledgeling lay.

All infliction of pain on weaker creatures is to be stigmatised as unmanly crime. JOHN RUSKIN



## LITTLE LADY ESKIMO

### THE HEROISM OF ADA BLACKJACK

#### Lonely Woman's Watch on an Arctic Island

#### THE LAST OF THE FIVE

Mr. Harold Noice, who commanded the relief ship Donaldson which made its way in August to Wrangel Island, and found one Eskimo woman as the only survivor from the expedition he had gone to save, finishes a thrilling cable with these sad words:

"I greatly fear this tale of stoic heroism and lonely fortitude will fail of any great appreciation because its heroine is but a poor Eskimo girl."

How unutterably sad it would be if that were so! For the tale, as finely told in the Manchester Guardian by Mr. Noice, is one of the really great tales of woman's endurance, resource, and unconquerable spirit.

#### An Eskimo Nurse

When the party of four white men, living on the island with their Eskimo sewing-woman, Ada Blackjack, found that their store of food would not last them through the winter, and that their attempts to get fresh animal food were not successful, three of them set out to reach the shore of Siberia, a hundred miles away across the frozen sea.

Lorne Knight, one of the Americans of the party, and a travelling companion of Stefansson, was so ill with scurvy that he could not travel, and with him, to nurse him back to health if possible, stayed the Eskimo girl.

Knight was so ill that he could not hunt. After fainting while chopping wood he remained constantly in his tent, and then kept to his sleeping bag. The only hope for him was that his little Eskimo nurse should herself go forth into the winter wild and find animal food that might be eaten raw—Stefansson's cure for scurvy.

#### Learning to Set Traps

Ada Blackjack was just a sewing-woman from an Alaska town, not a woman of the wilds. She had no experience of hunting and had never fired a gun. But she learned how to set traps, and so caught a few foxes, and by them kept her companion alive till the spring returned, bringing with it welcome flights of birds and more animals.

But Knight had now grown too weak to benefit by the greater supply of food, and on June 22, nearly five months after the sledging party had left the island, he died, and Ada Blackjack was alone, with a cat, which had been a kitten when she sailed with it, as her one companion.

She had only twelve pounds of mouldy bread left, and this she determined to save for the next winter, in case a relief ship did not arrive.

She deliberately set about the task of training herself to get a store of food. One of her tasks was to make a net to catch seals in, and also a little canvas boat in which to paddle her way to birds she had shot that fell in the water. Then she practised shooting and went forth to hunt.

#### In Fear of Bears

Bears were her one terror. She knew the polar bear is a deadly enemy, and that to shoot him and not kill him is to lose your own life. So the bears she carefully avoided. Once she shot a seal dead, and might have stored him for food; but a bear came up and fed on her seal.

With ducks she was more successful as the summer came, and she was cooking her scanty breakfast of dried duck and tea, with a taste of seal oil for added nourishment, when she heard the whistle of the Donaldson off the island, and thought it was a dream.

This was two months after the death of her white companion, whom she had nursed and fed so faithfully.

What an epic of fidelity, industry, courage, hope, and resourcefulness is this of the town-trained Eskimo woman who, having only herself to rely on, in utter loneliness fought undauntedly the battle of life!

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A child suffering from diphtheria in Surrey caught the disease from a cat.

Experts estimate that electricity now forms 65 per cent. of the industrial energy used in the United States.

#### Large Families First

Sir Jesse Boot, building some new houses at Jersey, announces that in selecting tenants the order will be "Large families first." Exactly what we should expect from a large mind.

#### The Five Sisters

Five C.N. readers of Redditch, Mildred, Sybil, Freda, Winifred, and Marjorie Harris, have successively taken first-class honours in the Oxford senior local examination while at the Redditch Secondary School. Our greetings to them.

Two thousand million feet of lumber were cut in British Columbia last year.

Experiments have shown that the talipot palm, which grows profusely in India, will make satisfactory paper.

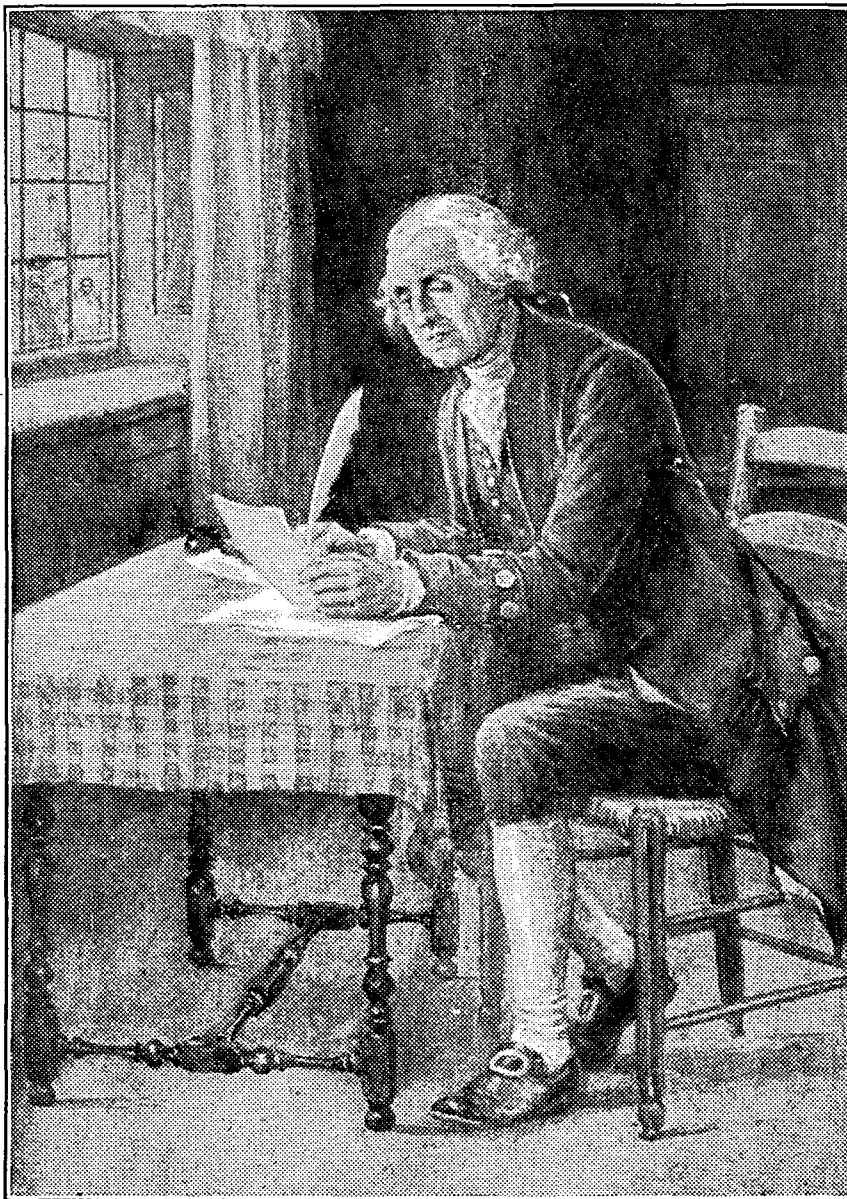
#### Caring for Canada's Soldiers

Canada is proud of her success in placing soldiers on the land. Nearly 39,000 are now farming nearly four million acres, assisted by nearly 100 million dollars of Government loans.

#### Air Disaster in England

Three passengers and two pilots were killed in an aeroplane accident on the London to Manchester route. This was the first fatal accident to a British commercial machine for nearly three years.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON WRITES HOME



When George Washington was made Commander-in-Chief of the American troops in the War of Independence, he wrote to his wife, explaining that he had accepted the appointment because he felt it was his duty to do so; and here we see him writing the letter, which has been preserved, and is now one of America's most treasured possessions. See next column

## FOURTEEN POINTS FOR WHITE HOUSE

THE new President of the United States of America is a very serious man. We have seen a portrait of him as a little boy dressed as a Puritan in a pageant, and he was serious then. With a finger in his mouth, a scowl on his brows, he looks out of the picture as if to ask, "What nonsense game is this?"

But he has two sturdy sons who know the humanising value of humour, and even the father's own name of Calvin has not been able to damp the spirits of one of these Coolidge boys. John and Calvin are determined that their august Papa shall not take his augustness too seriously. Any tendency on the part of the Presidential head to swell will be sternly opposed by these two vigorous olive branches, now become world figures.

They have already opened fire on their father by presenting White House

with Fourteen Points as cleverly conceived as President Wilson's. For example, they claim the permanent use of the flag pole as a mast for wireless; the unrestricted use of the "back-yard" as a landing-place for aeroplanes; sufficient space in the basement for tools and paints; the right to park a "tin Lizzie" anywhere in the grounds; open house at all hours for young friends; and no objection to be taken by the White House authorities to dogs, cats, tumbler pigeons, white rabbits, and guinea-pigs.

Unless these things are conceded the boys will wash their hands of White House, and then what will America do for a President? Anyone with half a mind can see that President Coolidge would ten thousand times rather give up his high office than lose the company of such rare sons.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON TO HIS WIFE

### UNDER THE OLD TREE

#### Famous Elm Which Sheltered the Father of His Country

#### TIME CONQUERS IT AT LAST

One of America's interesting possessions has perished by the wear and tear of time, doubtless much regretted by a people whose distant history mostly comes from foreign lands. The Washington Elm, under which Washington stood when he accepted the chief command of the American troops in their war for freedom with George the Third, is dead.

Since that turning point in American history 148 years have passed. The tree was then lofty, expansive, and old, yet it had remained till this year a witness to the whole remarkable story of the States, probably from their earliest days of colonisation; and in its later prime and old age it kept watch over the rise of America.

#### A Tree's National Fame

One of the most interesting of America's historic letters dates back to the incident that gave this fine old elm a national fame. It was the scene under the tree, when Washington accepted his decisive command, that drew from him the following letter, so characteristic of the letter-writing of the gentlemen of that period. Washington wrote to his wife explaining the step he had taken.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years.

But, as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose.

It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonour upon myself and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem.

I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall.

I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen.

My earnest and ardent desire is that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity, as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

What high-bred, courteous consideration is felt through every sentence of this formal and stately but affectionate pleading. That the great American who launched the Republic on its fateful career was a gentleman of the best eighteenth-century type is recalled vividly by what he wrote about his conflict of feelings on the day when, under the old elm, he responded to the high call of duty. *Picture on page 12*



## YOUNG AMERICA MAKES A DISCOVERY

### LIFE AT SEA BELOW DECKS

Scholars in the Stokehole and  
What They Think of It

#### "SWABBING HIS WAY"

A young athlete from one of the chief universities of America was telling us the other day how he got to Europe. "I swabbed my way across," he said cheerfully, and added: "It was a very interesting experience."

It seems that he had booked his berth on a liner when he heard of a college friend who wanted to join the party, but could not get a cabin. He made inquiries and discovered that the ship would take him aboard as a deck-hand. At once he accepted this job and made his berth over to his friend, who was a man with delicate health.

"I wouldn't have missed the experience for a great deal," he told us. "First of all, there were no fewer than eighteen college men among the crew, two of the stokers being Oxford men. When the passengers got to know about this they called us the College Ship, and some of them sent baskets of fruit to us, and were very kind."

#### The Life of a Stoker

His experience brought our young friend up against life in one of its queerest forms. "I never knew what a stoker was like till I went on that ship," he said. "I tell you those men make you think: I wanted to talk to them, to get to know them, to see if I could say something useful to them; but it was no go. They are like animals, and worse than any animal I've ever struck."

"If any mission in England wants to serve men, and to make decent fellows of them; let it start on these poor stokers. I shall never forget going down into that stokehole. It's right down in the very bottom of the ship. There's no air to speak of, the heat is terrific, and the coal-dust gets on to your naked body and sticks to it so that all the pores are blocked."

#### On the Narrow Plank

One of the things that stirred our young American was the sight of men pushing wheelbarrows up a narrow plank between the boilers, and coming back with their barrows filled with coal.

"They're doing that all the time, and it is killing work. One slip on that narrow plank between the boilers and you know it for weeks. They get nine pounds a month, and they live worse than animals, and nobody seems to care a brass tack for them. All they think about is getting ashore and spending their money on things that destroy the soul."

"Life below decks is one long, exhausting grind, and for the stokers it is a grind that seems to tear the soul right out of the body. They ought to have shorter watches, far better quarters, less broken sleep, and someone to take an interest in them. I wonder if there is a harder life anywhere on Earth?"

#### The Free Life of the Sea

We discovered that many of these stokers were foreigners. It is at least some relief to know that such men are not British; but they ought to be British, and if the conditions were made right they would be British. Few reforms are more urgent than getting our mercantile marine manned by men of our race. We want seamen badly, and we always shall, but we want seamen proud to be seamen, and happy in the free life of the sea.

"Well, you won't swab your way back?" we inquired of the young American.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed at once. "I've got to break myself in so that I can talk to any man on the Earth about the things that I think matter most. Besides, with all its hardships and ugliness and downright black badness,

## GETTING ROUND NIAGARA

### Biggest Earth-Moving Scheme Now Going On

#### THE FALLS IN THE WAY

One of the greatest hindrances to the progress of Canada is the tremendous obstacle of Niagara on the highway between her vast prairie cornfields and the breakfast-tables of Europe, and to get round it she is now spending £20,000,000 on the biggest earth-moving scheme now in progress in the world.

Most of the Canadian wheat crop comes by way of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to Montreal, there to be shipped again on a 3000-mile voyage to Europe. But Niagara blocks the way between Lakes Erie and Ontario; so that three canals have already had to be constructed across the Welland Peninsula to make continuous water traffic possible.

All three of these canals are now quite inadequate to carry the enormous and ever-growing wheat traffic, and steam-shovels are hard at work carving out another canal, which will be big enough to rival the Panama.

#### Lifting 40 Million Cubic Yards

The new Welland Canal will be only half as long as the Panama Canal; but, whereas the Panama Canal only rises and falls 85 feet, the new canal will have a rise and fall of 326 feet. Its seven locks will each have a lift of 46 feet, or nearly twice as great as the Panama.

Nearly seven million cubic yards of rock will have to be excavated, and nearly three million cubic yards of concrete put back in its place, while 20 million pounds of steel will be needed to reinforce the concrete. The steam-shovels will have to shift over 40 million cubic yards of earth!

When the new canal is working, vessels with at least a draught of 25 feet will be able to pass between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, thus making one great waterway for 2400 miles between the prairie and the sea.

Canada's great problem up to now has been not so much to increase her wheat crop as to get rid of it all. Every shovelful of earth dug, therefore, means more wheat grown in Canada and more food for the world. Already the huge task is about half finished.

## A SURPRISE ON THE SHORE

### The Mother Who Came by Night

A Scottish boy sends this observation of a young seal.

While I was on holiday this year in Kintyre a young seal was found lying on the shore. Father threw it in the water, and we sat on the rocks to watch its progress. But imagine our surprise when it swam toward us and tried to climb up the rock we were sitting on!

Every night the mother seal swam in and fed the little one. No one saw her, but we could hear her bark and see her tracks on the sand.

At the end of ten days the baby seal died. It was quite tame, and we could stroke its back.

Picture on page 12

Continued from the previous column

there's something fine in a life which shows you how the lowest of men are fixed, and why it is they remain low. It's reality, anyhow, and I'm out to see the real thing. Pretence doesn't interest me one little bit. Whatever life is I want to see it. And if it doesn't beat me I hope to make it a thought better before I'm through."

This spirit of adventure, with a moral impulse behind it, is what we want in the young men of the British Islands. They must get out of ruts. They must break many of the present moulds. They must give their country a crew that loves its work and is determined to bring the good ship Britannia into a port worthy of its long battle with the storm.

## DUSTBIN OF THE STONE AGE MEN

### First Untouched Kitchen Midden Found in Britain

#### HOW THE RUBBISH HEAP GIVES US THEIR HISTORY

An untouched kitchen midden, or dustbin of the Stone Age, the very first of its kind to be found in Britain, has been discovered on Chalk Common, about a mile from Spithead.

Excavations were being made there when this rare treasure was unearthed. The rubbish heap and the camp fire-places were found as they had been left by the men of the Robenhausen Period of the New Stone Age, which immediately preceded the Bronze Age; and, though the midden is not so big as some of the great shell-heaps of Scandinavia, it is the only example in Britain of a prehistoric rubbish heap that has not been interfered with at some more recent period, and become mixed with relics of a later culture.

The heap contains the remains of many kinds of shells; the inmates of which had been used as food by the Stone Age men; and these were mixed with weapons and tools, but, curiously enough, no fragments of pottery.

No doubt, the archaeologists will be able to build up from this great find a story that will tell us much that is new to us about the early inhabitants of what are now the British Isles.

#### Men Who Grew No Corn

It is from the kitchen middens of Scandinavia and what they contain that we have learned almost everything we know of the Stone Age men—what they ate, how they cooked their food, the tools and weapons they used, and the kind of vessels in which they collected their water, the animals they had domesticated, and the wild creatures they hunted, the fishes and birds they caught, and the kind of hooks and snares they used in doing so. It is from the absence of other things that we know they grew no cereals, and so on.

Some of the Scandinavian middens, with their kitchen debris, are nine feet high, a fifth of a mile long, and 200 feet wide; and they are mostly situated near the Baltic.

## FIXING EASTER

### A Difficult Time Problem

The world is constantly finding more international work that can best be done by some such body as the League of Nations, and is asking the League to undertake it. The last instance is the fixing of a regular time for Easter, with the necessary reform of the Calendar.

It is admitted on all hands that a fixed Easter would be a great improvement, and it is not easy to see what objections can be raised. The Chambers of Commerce of 37 countries have asked for it from the business point of view, and if there are religious objections they have not been made known.

The question has been referred to the Committee on Communications and Transit of the League of Nations, and the various Churches have been asked to send representatives to Geneva to advise the committee from the ecclesiastical point of view.

This seems a very sensible way of dealing with a question that causes a good deal of trouble, yet, as far as the ordinary man can see, might be altered without giving offence to anybody except, perhaps, the few people who object to any changes whatever.

When Lord Desborough, in 1921, brought a Bill before the House of Lords to fix a day for Easter, he suggested the second Sunday in April as the permanent Easter Sunday. Whatever be the day it must be better than having an Easter holiday varying over a large part of spring.

## WILD DOGS ON THE PROWL

### A NEW DANGER TO MAN

#### Old-Time Ally Turns on Its Protector

### DOMESTIC ANIMAL BECOMES SAVAGE

By Our Natural Historian

"Cave Canem!" Beware of the Dog, runs the warning at a gateway in Pompeii, and is now applied very startlingly to the New World.

A new element has entered into the life of the Patagonians—a dog which is part wolf, part dog proper. It knows the ways of man, and is attacking him, as well as his flocks and poultry. These dogs combine to assail, and even to kill, lonely shepherds and workers on isolated farms, where the men seek to defend the animals and birds which are the prey first sought by the raiders.

So a state of war exists in Southern Patagonia between men and their old-time allies, a minor reproduction in the wilderness of conditions imagined in the wonderful play R.U.R., and in Mary Shelley's book Frankenstein; for the Robots of the play and the man-made man of the book both ultimately turn upon their creators.

#### Man Tames the Wolf

For these dog-wolves are creatures evolved by the fostering care of man. Wherever man has gone he has tamed jackals or wolves into dogs. Where dogs run wild they return to the ferocity of jackal or wolf, assemble in wolf-like packs, and behave like wild beasts.

But, from their long association with man, they lose the terror which he inspires in most wild creatures, and are bolder and more cunning than the savage stock from which they arose. The dog which reverts to the wilds is like a wolf with a domestic animal's intelligent confidence. Like the Robot, they have penetrated beyond the veil, and know that there is less to fear than wild things imagine.

#### Preying on the Sheep

That is why the dingó, Australia's extraordinary wild dog, escaping from time to time from human homes, has become one of the most destructive pests with which sheep farmers at the Antipodes have to grapple. They have experience, lawless knowledge, uncurbed courage, and employ all against the flocks which it should be their duty to guard.

The turn of the dog-tide in Patagonia is particularly interesting just now, because it has been a subject for much discussion this year as to whether wolves in America actually attack men.

It is a fact that they do; trappers have been found dead, killed by wolves, with shot wolves dead around them. But travellers have written to the papers saying, "I have spent years and travelled thousands of miles among wolves at all seasons without being molested, therefore other people cannot be attacked by these animals."

#### Beware of the Dog

The argument recalls the plea of a famous Irish lawyer, against whose client in the dock several witnesses swore that the prisoner stole a watch.

"Very well," said the lawyer, "five witnesses have declared that they saw my client steal the watch—I shall call 50 witnesses who will swear that they did not see him steal it."

There is no doubt about the raids of these Patagonian dog-wolves on men, but it is equally beyond doubt that there are men in Patagonia whom they will not attack, and it will be open to these men to declare the dog guilty.

But all over those great spaces, where men are few and animals many, human beings are carefully obeying the old Latin warning to Beware of the Dog.



## THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

### CORFU

#### THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND AT THE DOOR OF THE ADRIATIC

Corfu, which has suddenly drawn the eyes of the world to itself, is the most northerly of the seven Ionian Islands given over to the guardianship of Great Britain after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. The islands had been fought for over and over again, particularly Corfu, which lies near the entrance to the Adriatic Sea, but close to the Albanian coast.

Though they had been impoverished by war and disorder, the firm government of the British helped the people of Corfu and the other Ionian islands to become prosperous; but they were restless under alien rule, and so, in 1864, the British relinquished the mandate they had received from Europe, and ceded the islands to Greece, as a large majority of the inhabitants were Greek by race, and wished to join their historic motherland.

#### Land of the Olive and the Vine

Corfu is a somewhat crescent-shaped island with its concave side to the East, and the town of Corfu lying in the bend. It is about forty miles long and about twenty miles wide at its mountainous north end, where the land rises to about the same elevation as the highest English Lake mountains. The height sinks away southward, and the southern end is flat and pointed. It is a very beautiful land, with rich vegetation in its fertile parts.

Its chief source of wealth is the olive tree; but the vine and fig flourish, and a considerable amount of wine is produced. Olive oil is the chief export. The island has a population of about 125,000, of whom 27,000 are in the town of Corfu.

Corfu has a long and varied story. Originally, within the period of recorded history, it was colonised from Greece, and its fine position made it a place of considerable importance as a trade centre. It had a fleet of its own strong enough to enter into rivalry with the fleet of Corinth, and in the seventh century B.C. this rivalry led to the first naval battle of which any record exists, the Corinthian fleet being victorious.

#### A Lair of Pirates

In the wars between Corinth and Athens Corfu was on the side of Athens, and served as a base for the Athenian fleet. The capital was strongly fortified and resisted several sieges at a later date. At the beginning of the third century B.C. it became a lair of the pirates of the Adriatic Sea, but the Romans chased away the pirates and made the town one of their naval strongholds.

In the Middle Ages it had a succession of rulers from Italy, Sicily, Genoa, and Naples, who were in turn its masters; but finally by agreement it passed into the hands of the Venetians, who held it for nearly 400 years, though several times it was hotly besieged by the Turks. During the Napoleonic wars it fell into the hands of the French, but at the close became a British protectorate.

#### The Home of Refugees

In modern times it has been much visited for its beauty. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria built herself a palace there, which was purchased after her death by the German Kaiser. Since the late disastrous campaign of the Greeks in Asia Minor the island has received from that region many refugees, with whom American philanthropists have been generously busy.

Corfu is unquestionably Greek in sentiment and race. Our own country was so impressed by those facts that it voluntarily surrendered it to Greek government. No other Power could seize and hold it except as a sheer act of ambitious annexation.

## IS THERE A DEAD PLACE ON EARTH?

### British Expedition to Find Out

#### WHERE THE ANDES RUN DOWN TO THE SEA

This year Science, having collected a little money for the purpose, is again setting about its old task of finding out things which may not seem very important to the unscientific man, but which may prove to be most valuable to the world some day, especially in regard to the world's food supply.

The schooner St. George, under Commander D. Blair, is soon to set out on a British Research Expedition to examine the waters off the West Indies and some of the Pacific Islands, especially off the coast of Peru. It is sometimes said that off Peru, where the range of the Andes runs sheer down into the sea to a very great depth, there is a huge stretch of water where no life exists.

#### Life Six Miles Deep

It is the belief of British marine biologists, like Professor W. Herdman, F.R.S., who was President of the British Association four years ago, that when this stretch of ocean is carefully examined life will be found to exist there as elsewhere.

In 1914 Professor Herdman went out to Australia by way of the Cape, and all the way, with the help of his son and Dr. Alfred Holt, examined the surface waters of the Atlantic. On all these surface waters he found that the tiny forms of life called ocean plankton never ceased to exist, though they were only one-tenth as numerous over the deep tropical oceans and the South Atlantic as over the shallow waters near land.

Life, he found, was on the whole more plentiful in the cool waters—even of the Arctic and Antarctic—than in the tropical waters; but he declared his belief that everywhere in the sea, down to a depth of six miles, life existed.

## GOOD ADVICE

### Ancient Father to His Son KING ITOSO AND HIS VIZIER

All nations have their proverbs about argument and that annoying person the unreasonably argumentative man. The French speak about arguing upon the point of a needle; the Italians about talking on the point of a fork; the Germans—perhaps the saying is out of date now—about quarrelling over the Kaiser's beard; and the Romans disputing about an ass's shadow.

But Dr. James Walsh, of Fordham University, New York, believes he has found some wise words about the wisdom of argument which must be older than these, for he claims that they were written four or five thousand years ago, and are preserved in what some believe to be the oldest book in the world.

Some centuries before Tutankhamen reigned lived King Itoso, who had as a vizier a statesman named Ptah Hetep, of whom very little is known save that he was fond of giving good advice to his children. The maxims of Ptah Hetep are recorded in a roll of eighteen columns of Egyptian writing of the 25th century B.C., which is preserved in the Louvre; and it is perhaps to this record that Dr. Walsh refers.

The words of advice that Dr. Walsh has found are contained in a letter of this vizier to his son, in which Ptah Hetep says: "Do not argue with your superiors: it does not do any good. Do not argue with your equals: make a plain and courteous statement and content yourself with that. Do not argue with your inferiors: let them talk and they will make fools of themselves." Good advice still, and for most of us!

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

#### Is the Great Auk Quite Extinct?

Yes; the last known living example was killed in 1844.

#### Why are Carrots Nutritious?

Because they contain nearly ten per cent. of sugar. They are not, however, easily digested by most people.

#### What is a Shadow?

It is a dark figure projected by an opaque body which intercepts and cuts off the rays of light.

#### Are the Axis Deer and the Chital the Same Animal?

Yes; it is also known as the spotted deer, and its scientific name is *Cervus axis*.

#### Of what are Gramophone Records Made?

Of vulcanite—that is, rubber treated with sulphur at a high temperature. This gives the rubber its hardness.

#### How is a Star's Magnitude Measured?

By an instrument called the interferometer attached to a telescope. It has already been described in the C.N.

#### What are the Wind Pumps We See so Often in the Country?

They are generally erected to pump up water from deep wells for the use of houses and farms.

#### What is Rust?

Rust is oxide of iron caused by the combination of the surface of the iron with the oxygen in the water vapour of the air.

#### What is the Origin of the Phrase "As black as a Newgate knocker"?

A Newgate knocker is the fringe, or lock of hair twisted back toward the ear, often worn by costermongers.

#### How Many Young Does a Rat Have in a Year?

There are usually at least three litters a year, each containing from eight to 14 young.

#### Where Does the Sea Trout Spawn?

It leaves the sea and goes up the rivers to spawn, and in the rivers the young are hatched and remain for some time.

#### When Did the Giant Sloth Become Extinct?

It lived in the Pleistocene Age, and may have survived to the time when man first appeared, perhaps half a million years ago.

#### What was the Stone Age Man's Lamp Made of?

Soft stone or chalk hollowed out, and it probably had a wick of rush and burned grease or fat.

#### Does a Fish Take Its Oxygen from the Water, or from the Air in the Water?

It takes its oxygen from the air suspended in the water, and gives off carbon dioxide, which is carried away by the stream.

#### What are Lascars?

Lascars are Oriental seamen on British ships. They are subjects of British India, and are mostly recruited from the boat population of Kathiawar, a peninsula on the west coast of India.

#### Why is Shropshire Called Salop?

The name was formerly Scrobbsbury, but no Norman could pronounce Sc, and Salopesbury is supposed to be the nearest he could come in pronunciation. Then the bury was dropped, and so we have Salop.

#### Why is a Cock Placed on the Top of a Weathercock?

Weathercocks were generally placed on churches, and the cock is said to have been chosen in preference to other objects as a reminder to men not to deny their Lord as Peter did.

#### What was the Porcelain Tower of Nanking?

It was an octagonal tower of nine storeys, faced with fine white tiles painted in various colours, so as to give the appearance of porcelain. All the parts were so neatly joined that they looked as if made of one piece, and it was ascended by 884 steps. The tower was destroyed by the Taiping rebels in 1853.

#### Is a Thunderbolt Solid?

As we have before explained, there is no such thing as a thunderbolt. The curious form of lightning known as ball lightning, which is often destructive, is sometimes called a thunderbolt, but it is only electricity. Solid matter falling to the Earth from the upper regions of the atmosphere is known as a meteorite, and is possibly part of a broken-up world.

## THE ARROW IN THE SKY

### WHERE IT CAN BE SEEN

#### Giant Suns Revealed by the Telescope

#### A VERY ANCIENT CONSTELLATION

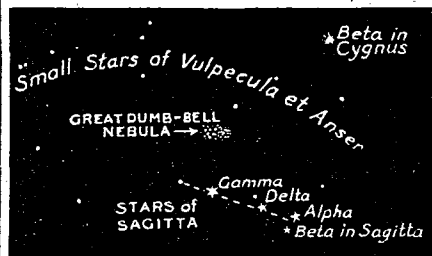
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Sagitta, the Arrow, is one of the small and not very bright constellations that may be seen just now to advantage.

Though possessing no really bright stars, there are celestial wonders of supreme interest in this region of the heavens, and it is well worth study.

To find this constellation we look for Cygnus, the Swan, also known as the Northern Cross. This is very obvious, being found, if the observer faces south, high up and almost overhead. To the right will be seen Vega, just now the brightest star above us.

Below the Cross of Cygnus, and about a third of the way toward the southern horizon, is seen another first-magnitude



Sagitta and the Dumb-bell Nebula

star, but not so bright as Vega. This is Altair, the chief star in the constellation of Aquila, the Eagle.

Now, the Arrow lies just between the Eagle and the Swan; it is a constellation of great antiquity, referred to by the ancient Greeks, and symbolises some incident in prehistoric mythology.

Our star map shows its situation relative to the Cross of Cygnus, for Beta in Cygnus, the star at the end of the lower and longest arm of the Cross, is indicated. Between this bright star and Sagitta are a number of faint stars of the modern constellation of Vulpecula et Anser—or the Fox and Goose.

Alpha and Beta in Sagitta, two stars below medium brightness and barely the Moon's width apart, will be found almost exactly midway between Beta in Cygnus and Altair. Small though they appear, they are giant suns.

#### Suns Greater than Ours

Alpha, the brightest and largest, exceeds our Sun by nearly a thousand times in brilliance and size, these estimates being based upon its apparent brightness, spectrum, and its enormous distance, which is some 50 million times as far as our Sun. The distance is calculated from its ultra-microscopic parallax of about .004 of a second of arc; so its light must have been about 800 years reaching us.

Beta in Sagitta is much nearer, for, according to spectroscopic calculations, its parallax amounts to .013, its light taking 250 years to reach us.

Delta in Sagitta, another slightly brighter star to the left, is, according to spectroscopic evidence, still much nearer, its light taking about 170 years to reach us.

Gamma in Sagitta, the brightest star of this group, is found to be yet nearer, and, by the spectroscopic method of measurement, 142 light years distant.

All these are suns far greater than ours. But there are plenty of suns in the region of Sagitta as large as ours, myriads of them, forming veritable clouds of flaming suns, revealed by powerful telescopes where to the naked eye there appears nothing. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus and Saturn are in the west, near the Sun, beyond naked eye vision. Jupiter is almost invisible in the sunset glow; Uranus, south, about 11 p.m. In the morning Mercury is close to the Sun, and invisible; Mars, scarcely visible, in the east before sunrise.



# THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures  
of a Schoolboy in Africa

## CHAPTER 67

"Who Goes There?"

THE little party was in good spirits.

"Good old Muleh!" said Roger, resting his arms on the barricade as he stood beside his uncles. "He came in the nick of time."

"We had better wait for him here," said the Doctor. "Indeed, I hardly dare to think what would have happened if he had not come when he did. That one-armed hunter has inspired the people with his own courage, and they will not rest until they have driven the slavers from their borders."

"That may be," said Mr. Paradine. "Still, I think we had better go on. No doubt a considerable body has been left to guard the large number of slaves collected by the raiders. They may prove a rallying centre."

"The job is not absolutely finished until they are disposed of. Besides, there's no saying what they may do with their captives out of sheer vengeance if they have to make a hurried retreat. Very likely they will massacre the lot."

"We must save the poor people from that fate," said the Doctor. "Let us push on, then."

It was now nearly dark. The Englishmen hurried down the gorge with Suleiman and Hassan. On the way they were joined by men of Kush who had become separated from their comrades or had been outstripped in the pursuit.

Suleiman's rallying cry of "Sanka-ra" brought more and more men out of the gathering darkness. Their fears were banished. They laughed and shouted with joy and triumph, chanting the praises of Sanka-ra. Soon the Englishmen found themselves at the head of a jubilant throng of some hundreds.

Complete darkness settled down upon the gorge. In the starlight the party stumbled on over the rough track. They did not follow the main line of the pursuit, but as soon as they had issued from the gorge they were led by their scouts directly towards the spot where the captives had been last seen assembled.

"I think we are strong enough to deal with the slave-guard without Muleh's assistance," said Mr. Paradine. "All the same, I hope he will not forget all about us. He is a tower of strength among his countrymen, and I dread to think that in his absence the men may lose their heads and give way to panic again."

The moon had not yet risen, but the starshine gave light enough to walk by now that they had quitted the gorge.

They went on and on in silence, gradually making their way downwards. Presently the guide announced that the camp of the captured slaves lay but a short distance ahead.

"I see no camp fires," said Roger.

"But look!" said Mr. Paradine, pointing to the left. "Are there not men moving? Are they friends or foes?"

He halted the party. All eyes were turned towards a small group of men that appeared to be hurrying to meet them.

"Give them a challenge, Suleiman."

Suleiman remembered the form of words that he had learnt during his period of military service many years before. In his strange accent he cried aloud: "Who goes there?"

There was an instant reply.

"Mr. Paradine! Roger!"

"It's Achmet!" cried Roger, joyfully.

The two lads rushed forward, each from his party. They met

: : Told by  
Herbert Strang

midway and gripped each other's hand with the heartiness of reunited friends.

"Well met," said Mr. Paradine, hastening to join them. "I am reminded of Wellington and Blücher again," he added, with a smile.

## CHAPTER 68

The Slave Camp

ACHMET was accompanied by Muleh and a portion of the force that had marched away with the hunter twelve hours before. The rest were still in hot pursuit of the scattered raiders.

"We are on our way to rescue the captives," said Achmet. "Their guards very likely know nothing of what has happened—unless some of the fugitives have straggled among them."

"That is our errand," said Mr. Paradine. "Let us join forces."

The two bands united and marched on together. Achmet and Roger, side by side, talked of the strange events that had happened since their last meeting.

"And you can jolly well have your old kingdom," said Roger. "Being a king is a frightful bore. But I suppose you have to be born to it. With a hundred Sanka-ras for your ancestors you've got kingship in your blood."

"I sought no kingdom," said Achmet gravely. "But the duty is laid upon me. I must not reject it."

Soon they caught sight of red fires in the valley below. Muleh, in his impetuous way, was for swooping down upon the camp without taking any precautions; but Achmet persuaded him to leave the direction of this final movement in the hands of Mr. Paradine.

The force was halted. Through Suleiman Mr. Paradine explained the mode in which he proposed to attack. He divided the men into three bodies, placing one under the command of the Muleh, the second under Suleiman, retaining the third, with Roger and Achmet.

They moved forward quietly, keeping as much as possible in the shadow of the hills. When they arrived within about two hundred yards of the camp, the men of Kush spread out, Muleh taking his band to the right, Suleiman his to the left, Mr. Paradine keeping in the centre. In a few minutes they were posted in a rough half-circle round the camp.

It was just at this moment that the camp guards appeared to become aware for the first time of their presence. A few shots rang out, but they were fired at random, and no damage was done.

The signal for attack was to be a shout from Muleh, answered by a shout from Suleiman.

The firing from the camp had hardly ceased when from right and left the calls came. Instantly the three parties swept forward, their shrill cries waking laughing echoes from the hills around.

To Roger's surprise there was no outbreak of rifle fire from the camp. He heard sounds of commotion, shouts, cries of alarm, mingled with the thud of horses' hoofs; but the men of Kush met with no opposition in their rush down upon the camp.

It appeared that the guards, feeling themselves surrounded and dispirited by the news brought them by fugitives from the gorge, had no heart to wait until the attackers came to grips with them. Gathering up their arms and what booty they could carry, they fled wildly to the rear.

When the exultant men of Kush converged and entered the camp in one compact body, they found the place deserted. Only the slaves, tied together in strings, remained.

## CHAPTER 69

Out of Bondage

THE scene that followed will never fade from Roger's memory.

The slaves were huddled in the centre of the camp, tied together in such a way that they could not stand upright. When Roger flashed his electric torch among them, they shrieked with fright.

"Sanka-ra has come to save you," Suleiman called in their own tongue.

But it was not until the camp fires had been stirred into a blaze strong enough to pierce the darkness that the captives realised their good fortune.

The men of Kush went rapidly through the packed crowd, slitting their bonds and assuring them that they were free. The slaves, for the most part young men, leaped to their feet and, each in his own way, proclaimed their joy and gratitude.

Some laughed and danced, others danced while they shed tears, others prostrated themselves at Roger's feet, and, much to his embarrassment, invoked the blessings of their gods upon him. Some recognised friends and relations among the newcomers who surrounded them, and embraced with a fervour that seemed hysterical to Roger's Western mind.

Dr. Paradine, leaning on his umbrella, stood between his brother and Roger, watching the scene. His face beamed with benevolence.

"Wonderful!—Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Roger, your coming into this country seemed to be an unmitigated misfortune, but I see now the hand of Providence."

"And I, hardened as I am, cannot regret my loss of time and the failure of my errand," said Mr. Paradine. "There can be no doubt that, but for our presence here, these lads would have been dragged away to a lifelong slavery worse than death. It is something to have done a little good in the world, even by chance."

When the slaves had all been set free, Mr. Paradine ordered that they should be given food from the stores looted from the countryside by the raiders.

"Which reminds me that we have all eaten next to nothing today. I wish Yakoub and Ali were at hand. Where are they, Achmet?"

"We left them with the camel drivers in the plain beyond," said Achmet.

"In a safe place?"

"Yes. Muleh felt sure that their camp would not be discovered."

## Are YOU Listening In?

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"Well, as it is too late, and we are too tired to do any more marching tonight, let us build up a huge fire, and have a good supper and talk over our movements for tomorrow."

The Englishmen, with Achmet and Muleh, were soon enjoying their meal, seated on the ground in the comfortable warmth of the fire.

Achmet related how Muleh had come to him that morning. They had entered Kush by the secret track followed by the raiders. Their march had been delayed by their having to ford a new river, which, greatly to Muleh's surprise, flowed across their path lower down the valley.

"I wonder if it can have anything to do—"

"It has—everything," said Mr. Paradine, smiling. "That's your work, Roger, right enough. You are altering the face of the map, young man."

But for that delay, Muleh would have arrived at the gorge somewhat earlier. As it was, only by hard marching had he come up with his force at the critical moment.

"And now what about your succession to the sovereignty of Kush?" said Mr. Paradine.

"I've already told him that he may have it as soon as he pleases," said Roger. "In fact, if I only had my own clothes here I'd strip off these kingly robes—though they are comfortable enough, I admit—and abdicate. That's the word, isn't it, Uncle?"

"Well, as you're an impostor, I'm not sure that it is. But Achmet, I have no doubt, will not take action against you for impersonation."

Achmet smiled.

"I was, indeed, going to beg Roger to retain the kingship a little longer," he said.

"Why in the world?" Roger asked.

"Because I have still to prove my claim. There are many of the people, adherents of Keb, who will bitterly oppose me. Besides, at this moment, when you have done a signal service to Kush, the people might be indisposed to transfer their allegiance to one who is a complete stranger to them. Let us wait until it is certain that the country is cleared of the slave-raiders, and then choose a suitable moment when the disclosure may be made without the risk of disturbance."

"Achmet is right!" said Mr. Paradine. "A day or two longer of sovereignty won't hurt you, Roger. By the way, that villain Keb—I wonder what has become of him? He seems to be pretty good at keeping out of harm's way. We were told that it was he who showed the raiders the secret entrance to the country—I wonder if it is true."

"Yes. No one knew it but he and Muleh."

"His idea was, I suppose, to kill us and make himself king at the expense of the enslavement of some of his own people. I'm very much afraid he will be a thorn in your side, Achmet."

Muleh had sat eating, his eyes fixed on the fire, until the name "Keb" arrested his attention. Then he showed signs of restlessness. At this moment he whispered a few words in Achmet's ear, then rose and slipped away into the darkness.

"Where is he off to?" asked Roger.

"He has gone to find Keb," Achmet replied quietly.

There was something in his tone that sent a cold chill down Roger's spine.

"And tomorrow, Achmet?" said Mr. Paradine.

"Tomorrow at dawn, sir, I think we should march to the Sacred Lake. The secret entrance is near there. We shall find out whether the raiders have really left the country by the way they came, still guided by Keb."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### Granny's Parrot

WITH cunning cock of head and half-closed eye, my parrot stands on his perch. He balances himself cleverly on one foot while, with the other up-lifted, he tightly claws a luscious yellow plum.

He looks enquiringly at the plum, and seems to be deciding into which particular part of the fruit he shall first plunge his hungry beak.

My parrot is only a porcelain one, but very real. I bought him in an old curio shop because he was so like another whose memory I still cherish. Half-shut your eyes, stare hard at him for a time, and indeed you will think he has come to life. You will see him move his head slowly from side to side; you will notice him make little dabs with his beak at the plum—but he never quite reaches it.

I bought him in memory of Granny's bird, Jocko. A stately bird he was, pearl-grey in colour, some bright red feathers in the tail. His language was limited to a few sentences: "Good morning," "Good evening," "Here's a how-do-you-do," always followed by a sarcastic "Ha, ha, ha!"

He spoke his sentences very slowly and distinctly, and with great dignity.

Devoted to my Granny, he would hardly take any notice of anyone else. From the moment she came into the room to the time she left, he would either follow her about or keep a watchful eye on all her doings.

One winter afternoon Granny sat in her armchair reading a book, as was her habit. Jocko watched her for a time, then left his cage and hopped on to the back of the chair. He made no noise, did not interfere with the reading; just sat quietly there. Perhaps he read too, or tried to read—who can tell?

The short winter's day drew to a close; the shadows lengthened. Yet Granny made no move. The parrot thought something must have happened; he became uneasy and hopped on to her shoulder. He saw the book had dropped on to her lap; the spectacles had slipped. There must be something wrong. He wondered!

Thinking thus to himself, he decided to awaken the sleeper; he felt the time had come to make some sort of move. Opening his strong beak, he took the lobe of Granny's ear with gentle, loving pressure into his mouth, as he might have taken a nut without trying to crack it. He wished to attract her attention.

The maid came into the room to draw the blinds, saw the figure sitting in the armchair as usual, but was surprised to see the bird nipping at my Granny's ear and making a low, crooning noise. She tried to arouse her, but, alas! no parrot cry, no earthly noise, could recall my Granny. She had passed quietly in her sleep to another world.





# A Merry Heart Will Laugh at Care



## DI MERRYMAN

JOHNNY: "Dad, you told me the other day that it is wrong to strike anyone smaller than yourself, didn't you?"

Father: "Yes, Johnny; it is very cowardly."

Johnny: "Well, I wish you'd write a note to my teacher and tell him that. I don't think he has ever heard it."

### Transposition

MY whole is found in many schools.

Behead me, and I denote what sluggards are.

Behead again, and I describe what Miss Muffitt did.

Transpose, and I denote what everybody does.

Again transpose, and I denote what most people drink.

Transpose my whole and you find me in this paper.

Behead my whole and transpose, and I am a waterfowl.

Transpose my whole again, and to do me is wrong.

Curtail and transpose my whole, and I help you to rest when tired. Curtail my whole again and transpose, and I am at the end.

*Solution next week*

WHEN there is danger of an accident, what is better than presence of mind?

Absence of body.

### Restless London

AN old countryman and his wife who had seldom been in a train before were visiting London for the first time, and shortly before their train arrived at the big terminus it was stopped by a signal.

Suddenly the countryman was startled by an express which thundered past the window at which he was sitting. Hardly had he recovered from his astonishment when another express, going in the opposite direction, flashed by on the other side.

"My goodness, Mary!" gasped the old man, turning to his wife, "that train is going back already!"

WHAT is the difference between a ship and a sailor at the top of the mast?

One sails over the sea, and the other sees over the sail.

### The Two Brothers

"How old is your brother?" a man was asked.

"See if you can work it out," was the answer. "Two-thirds of my brother's age is exactly five-twelfths of mine, and I am nine years older than he."

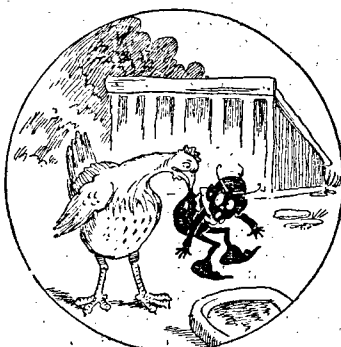
What was the age of the two brothers?

*Answer next week*

WHAT is the difference between a burglar and a wig?

One has false keys and the other has false locks.

### A Bath for a Brownie



THE OLD HEN: "I've always thought that these black Brownies looked as if they wanted washing, so now I've caught one of them I'm going to give him a good bath in my water trough!"

### Is Your Name Fairbairn?

THIS is derived from the two words fair and bairn, and the earliest owner of the name no doubt received it as a descriptive tag to his Christian name, thus John the fair bairn.

Eventually it became a surname, and was handed down to his descendants.

WHAT kind of robbery is not dangerous? A safe robbery.

### What Am I?

I AM large, I am small, I am black, I am white, And as good in the dark as I am in the light;

I'm seen at all theatres, concerts, and balls,

At the opera I'm found in the boxes and stalls.

My second in these days full rarely is seen,

Although 'twas once common on bishop and dean;

And yet, having lost much of former renown,

Is still keeping its place on the top of the crown.

My whole is obnoxious and crawls on the ground,

And unpleasant would be if in my first found.

*Answer next week*

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### The Hidden Birds

Canary, crow, wren, owl, parrot, duck, hen, gull, lark, sparrow, peewit, crane.

Transposition Churl, lurch, curl, cur

#### Alphabet and Arithmetic

MOUSE + CORK + POTATO = ROCK - TOMATO + HAT = HOUSE = TAP

#### Who Was He?

Davy's Boy was Michael Faraday

## Jacko Gets a New Coat

IT was Mother Jacko who insisted on Jacko having a new overcoat. He wouldn't wear the old one because he had grown out of it, and his mother was afraid he'd catch cold.

So Father took him off one morning and insisted on seeing the whole stock of every tailor in the town before he was satisfied. By that time Jacko was so sick of it all that he hardly knew which coat his father had chosen; but he knew he was hungry, and suggested that they should have some dinner before they went home.

To his surprise, his father made no objection, and they turned into a little restaurant they knew; and sat down at a table near the door.

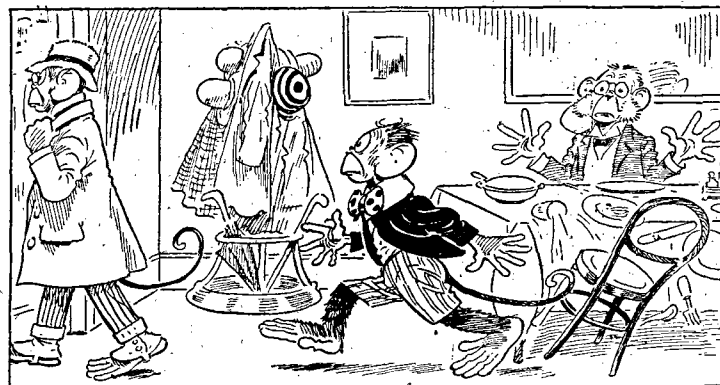
While Mr. Jacko gave the order Jacko took off the new coat and hung it up on the coat-stand, and his cap on the top. Then he sat down and studied the list of sweets.

It was while he was trying to decide whether to have apple dumpling or jam roll to follow that another customer came in, and hung up his hat and coat.

In doing so he accidentally knocked Jacko's cap down. Of course he picked it up again, and put it back on a peg on the stand—not on Jacko's peg but another, which would have made Jacko very indignant if he had noticed. But he didn't: he was much too busy studying the menu.

He was enjoying his dinner, a few minutes later, when his eye wandered to the door.

A man had paid his bill and was just going out. He put on his hat and reached up for his overcoat. To Jacko's amaze-



Jacko didn't wait for explanations

ment, he took hold of Jacko's cap, put it on another peg, took down the coat under it, put it on, and walked briskly out of the shop.

Jacko's indignation nearly choked him.

"Pon my word!" he exclaimed. "Hi, you! Stop!" he shouted, jumping up.

"What on earth's the matter?" asked his father.

But Jacko didn't wait for explanations; he dashed off, carrying half the contents of the table with him.

"Stop thief!" he shouted. "Hi! stop thief!"

He caught up the man he was after halfway across the road. Unfortunately a boy on a bicycle was passing; without a word of warning Jacko plunged into them both, knocked them down, and sat heavily on the top of them.

A burly policeman picked him up, and, holding him by the scruff of his neck, asked what he meant by it.

"He's got my coat!" declared Jacko.

"No, he hasn't," cried his father, running up. "Here it is," and he held it out.

"It was on my peg," stammered Jacko, only half convinced. "He—he—"

"What that lad wants is a jolly good hiding," declared the policeman.

"He's going to get it," said Father Jacko grimly.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Michaelmas Geese

WHEN the children went into the country they were rather silly about the names of farmyard animals. Perhaps it was because they lived in a town street, and saw only sparrows, cats, and dogs.

"Well, I shan't wear my red cap here, anyway," said Maisie. "I've read tales about bulls tossing people in red hats."

"Billy goats are the most dangerous," said Dicky. "It's bees I don't like," sighed Doris. "Do you remember the little boy Jane told us about who got stung?"

Then Babs began to cry.

"Never mind; there are blackberries too, Babs," comforted Maisie. "Let's see who will fill a basket first."

On their way home they met a farmer's boy; and Maisie asked him if there were any dangerous bulls or Billy goats or bees about.

"Not that I knows of," he said. "But I'd sooner meet a bull than Mrs. Appleby's turkeys any day; savage birds they be, missy."

When they had finished dinner, Mrs. Jones came in and said to Dicky: "Wouldn't you like to take the little girls across to Mrs. Appleby's farm, and ask her if she can let me have a couple of nice Michaelmas geese next week?"

It seemed babyish to tell Mrs. Jones they were frightened of turkeys, so off they started, Dicky bravely leading the way. When they came to the last cornfield they heard "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" and out came two great white birds, and began to waddle after them.

How they reached the farm they never knew; and Mrs. Appleby and old Mr. Appleby



"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!"

came running to see what could be the matter.

"The turkeys are after us!" cried the children.

"Turkeys! Why, those are Sally and Jane, our pet geese."

Mr. Appleby roared with laughter.

"No; tell Mrs. Jones we've no Michaelmas geese," said Mrs. Appleby. "Nobody shall eat our Sally and Jane."

"And tell Mrs. Jones she's got four nice fat Michaelmas geese at her own place," laughed Mr. Appleby.

And on the way home Dicky said, "I believe he means us!"

## Then and Now



The log fire, 1823



Central heating, 1923

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1923	1922
London	8990	9234
Glasgow	4889	2649
Birmingham	1889	1865
Dublin	955	1045
Edinburgh	819	844
Bristol	688	735
Newcastle	638	707
Plymouth	390	414
Swansea	328	309
Preston	218	207
Ipswich	161	138
Canterbury	31	37

The five weeks are up to Sept. 1, 1923

## Ici on Parle Français



Le radeau La longue-vue La sandale

Le naufragé est sur son radeau

Le vieux marin a une longue-vue

Les Grecs portaient des sandales



Le théâtre L'herbe Le sous-marin

Au théâtre j'applaudis les acteurs

Les moutons broutent l'herbe du pré

Le sous-marin remonte à la surface



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 29, 1923

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

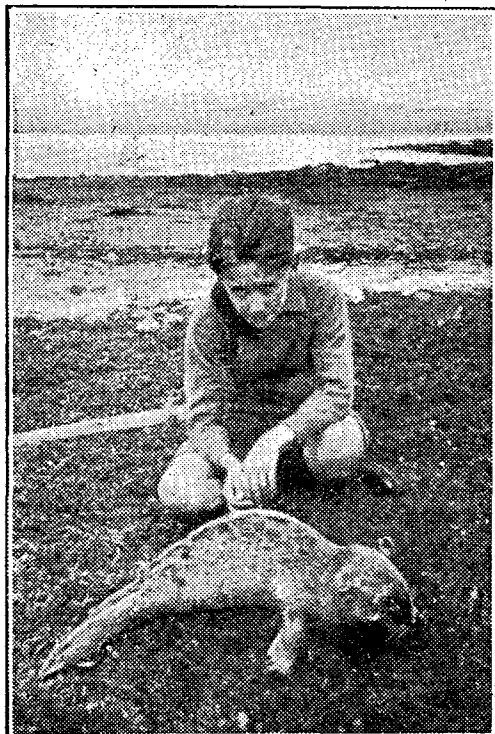
## FOOTBALL BEGINS · SILENCE AT THE CENOTAPH · BANK'S ARMOUR'D CAR



**Football Begins Again**—Football has now begun again in real earnest for the winter season; and here we see a good pass in a trial game of Rugby by the boys at Haileybury College



**A Famous Artist Paints the Thames**—Sir John Lavery, the famous artist, painting a beautiful spot on the River Thames near Hampton Court. He has a number of admiring spectators



**A Boy and His Seal Friend**—This little reader of the C.N. on holiday at Kintyre, Scotland, found a young seal lying on the rocks, and made friends with it. It allowed the boy to stroke its back. See page 8



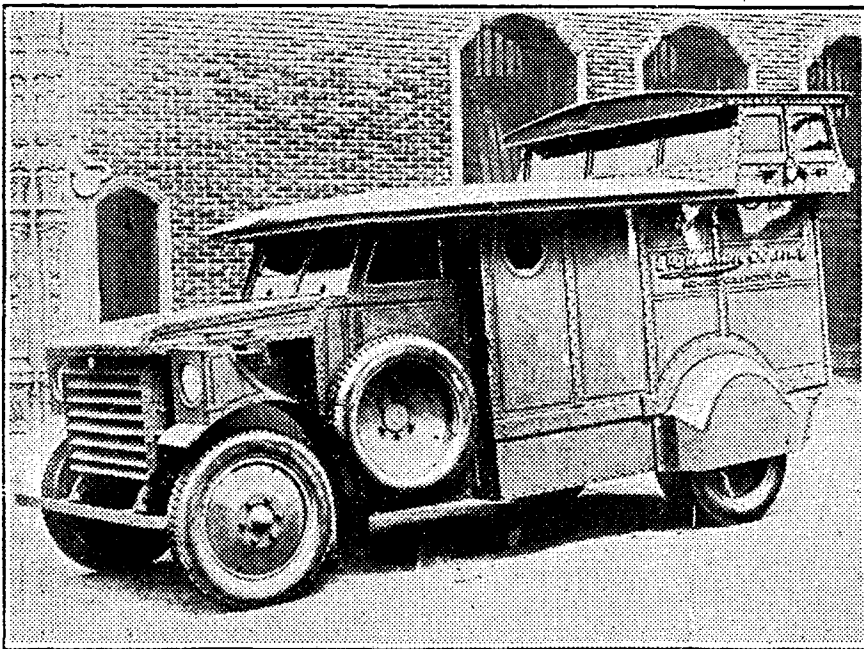
**Silence at the Cenotaph**—The roadway in the neighbourhood of the Cenotaph in Whitehall is being paved with rubber blocks, so that visitors may pay their tributes in comparative silence. Here we see the first load of rubber blocks arriving, and being unloaded from the lorry by the workmen



**Passing of a Famous Tree**—The elm tree at Cambridge, U.S.A., under which, in 1775, George Washington accepted the Commandership-in-Chief of the American Army, has just perished. See page 7



**Chrysanthemums for the Market**—Chrysanthemums are now coming into bloom, and large quantities are being gathered and sent from the nurseries to the markets for table decoration



**Safety First for the Bank**—This armoured motor-car has been built for a bank at Los Angeles, in California, to carry money safely from place to place without fear of armed bandits

**ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE**

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